

Rise and Fall of a Noted Millionaire

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# LESLIE'S

## WEEKLY

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JOSEPH JEFFERSON, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN ACTOR.  
RIP VAN WINKLE GOING UP THE CATSKILLS.—FROM THE RECENT PAINTING BY THE WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN  
ARTIST, N. R. BREWER.—Published by special permission. See page 421.



# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

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Thursday, May 1, 1902

## A Vile and Vicious Police.

THE NEW YORK HERALD'S exposé of the wretched detective system of the metropolis, the New York World's terrible story of McAuliffe, the admission of Commissioner Partridge as to the "deverizing" of the force, and other recent disclosures of weakness and corruption all go to constitute proof that the police force of New York is absolutely rotten, and should be cleaned out from top to bottom. By an ingenious plan of procedure devised and carried out by itself the Herald has shown that an intimate association exists between certain police officers and professional thieves, pickpockets, "fences," and other criminal characters. Young men employed by the Herald and acting in the guise of thieves and crooks opened negotiations with members of the detective force, and were promised immunity in their criminal operations on consideration of certain sums being paid, and in several specific cases the proceeds of alleged robberies were divided with the detective according to certain proportions agreed upon. In one case the Herald says a detective accepted a watch which he understood had just been picked from the pocket of some passenger on a surface car, held it twenty-four hours and returned it with a "tip" as to the "fence" or pawn-shop in which it should be disposed of. These revelations and charges, accompanied with so much circumstantial detail, constitute a revelation of moral obliquity on the part of paid and trusted public servants that should cause a popular uprising.

In the case of the policeman McAuliffe, found dying in the street one Sunday morning in February, the World has brought to light many facts which seem to point unmistakably to members of the police force as the parties guilty of this foul murder, the motive being revenge upon McAuliffe for giving evidence against a fellow-officer convicted of neglect of duty. The victim was also to be a witness in a number of other cases of the same kind pending at the time of his death. McAuliffe was found one night lying in the street unconscious, from a brutal beating he had received, his skull being fractured and other terrible injuries inflicted, from which he died a few hours later without regaining consciousness. It is charged and believed that this dastardly deed was committed by the police themselves, and the evidence brought out by the World's exhaustive investigation seems to lead to no other conclusion.

These shocking disclosures, together with the voluminous evidence of the same general nature brought out by the various police investigations of the past eight or ten years, leave no other course open for a thorough reform of the metropolitan police system but the prompt and forcible expulsion from the force of a large part of its present membership. It ought to be clear enough to every one now, including Mayor Low and Commissioner Partridge, that it is useless to dally or temporize with many of the captains, sergeants, and other subordinates on the force who, by a long pursuance of crooked and corrupt methods, carried on much of the time with the aid and connivance of their former superiors, have been rendered apparently incapable of doing honest and effective service as guardians of the peace. For such men to remain in the department is to give them the opportunity by intrigue and underhand work to embarrass and retard every effort at reform, not only in their own department, but in other directions, and thus to practically nullify the work of those who are honestly striving to give the city clean and honest government.

The situation has become intolerable and should not continue longer. If Mayor Low and Commissioner Partridge have not sufficient authority to make a clean sweep of the police department and to reconstitute it according to the demands of reason, public morals, and common decency, then let the Legislature be convened and pass a law that will give them the power, or let it boldly pass a state constabulary law and finish the job. We believe that the respectable, law-abiding, and intelligent citizens of New York are in a mood to give hearty support to almost any action, however drastic, that will rid them forever of the miserable horde of criminals and incapables who have brought so much shame upon the city under the guise of guardians of law and order. The people are paying out millions every year for police protection, and they are entitled to the service of honest, faithful, and efficient men. It is fair to remind the Herald and World that but for their violent opposition to the proposed state constabulary bill there would have been no Tammany policemen on duty in New York City to-day. The case is desperate and justifies the most heroic treatment by the Legislature. Home rule in New York should not mean misrule.

## Senator Depew Not to Retire.

A WESTERN CONTEMPORARY says that the people of the United States will generally regret to hear that Senator Depew, of New York, during a recent discussion in Congress, declared that he would not be a candidate for re-election at the expiration of his present term. There would, indeed, be occasion for general regret if Senator Depew had announced such a purpose, but our Western contemporary is in error. During the discussion referred to, which related to political conditions in the South, Senator Blackburn intimated that the railroads of New York, instead of the people, chose the Senators from that commonwealth. In Mr. Depew's eloquent reply he said, and we quote from the Record:

In reference to the electorate of the state of New York, I will say that I am just as ready to submit my claims to that electorate as I am to submit them to the Legislature. I was not a candidate to come here, except that I was made such by my party in all the platforms during the whole of the canvass, and except that when the Legislature was elected every single newspaper in the state of New York of all parties, save one, and of all denominations and all religions, save one, asked the Legislature to send me to this body. I had as lief submit my claims to sit here to the electorate of New York as to submit them to the Legislature of New York. When my term expires I shall have reached a period of life when it will be exceedingly doubtful whether I shall care to come here again. So the practical question, so far as I am concerned, is not vital.

Those who for twenty-five years have observed the healthy exuberance of Senator Depew, and who have never discovered during all that period that he had grown a day older, will laugh at the thought that he may be unavailable for re-election at the close of his present term. He is still in his prime. With increasing years he appears to become more youthful in appearance, more buoyant in spirits, and more eloquent in speech. The late John A. Cockerill said that a journalist never grew old until he lost his enthusiasm, and it is a well-remembered saying that, while a woman may be as old as she looks, a man is only as old as he feels. In looks and in feeling, Senator Depew is one of the youngest men in public life, and in years he is far below the age of a number of his most distinguished associates. It needs no prophet to foresee that, barring a political upheaval in his state, he will succeed himself in the Senate three years hence, for New York has never before had a Senator who has so quickly made himself a factor of potential influence in the most conservative of all legislative bodies as Senator Depew.

## An Unjust and Indefensible Law.

THE DEFEAT in the Senate of the drastic Chinese exclusion bill, originally framed by the Senators and Representatives from the Pacific coast states, and the passage of the substitute measure offered by Senator Platt, of Connecticut, extending the provisions of the present exclusion law and applying that exclusion to all insular territory under the jurisdiction of the United States, was, perhaps, the wisest and most judicious thing to do under all the circumstances, yet we can but feel that it would have been better still to have allowed the present act to die out also, trusting to our general immigration law to bar out such of the Chinese as are likely to really constitute a dangerous and objectionable element in our population.

This general law, which aims to exclude paupers, criminals, anarchists and other undesirable characters, might well be made stronger and more drastic and so answer every just and reasonable purpose when applied to the Chinese or any other nationality. The best and most enlightened public sentiment would support such a measure, while it does not and cannot uphold a law of the un-American, inhuman, and inherently unjust character of the Chinese-exclusion act. That act is absolutely indefensible in the court of sound ethics or enlightened international polity, and we would not dare set it up against any other people than the Chinese. It originated in an agitation started by a shrieking demagogue in San Francisco and much of its subsequent support has been derived from sources no less odious. It is a blot on the statute books of the nation and a standing reproach to a professedly liberty-loving and humane people.

Even on the lower level of self-interest and our commercial well-being, the continuance of a policy which must naturally and inevitably give offense to a great and populous nation like China, whose trade we are at this very time assiduously seeking, seems short-sighted, if not positively suicidal. It was this phase of the situation which was strongly and justly emphasized by the recent opposition speeches of Senators Foraker, Cullom, and others, these speakers dwelling on the fact that China is now apparently entering upon a new era in its history, with better government, less exclusiveness, and a more progressive spirit, all of which must render the country more accessible to our commerce and increase immeasurably the opportunities for building up American trade in that quarter of the world. These objections were applied to the proposed new law, but they are hardly less applicable to a continuance of the old one. To jeopardize all these material interests in behalf of a law originating in class prejudice and aiming at evils which are largely imaginary cannot be regarded as a proceeding worthy of an enlightened and civilized nation. We are perfectly aware of the fact that in expressing these views we have taken what is at present the highly unpopular side of the issue, but we have spoken our honest conviction on the subject and what we believe to be the plain truth.

## The Plain Truth.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has again departed from precedent in his appointment of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, as a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, to fill the place left vacant by the death of Bishop Whipple, an Episcopalian. No Roman Catholic prelate has ever before been a member of this body. The Board of Commissioners act only in an advisory capacity in connection with the Indian Bureau and the office is purely honorary. The appointment of Archbishop Ryan derives its chief significance from the fact that there has been a long-standing and apparently irreconcilable difference of opinion between the Roman Catholic authorities and the representatives of the Protestant churches in this country as to the policy which should be pursued by the government in the appropriation and distribution of public funds for Indian schools, and a heated, bitter, and prolonged controversy has resulted. Whether the appointment of the distinguished Philadelphia prelate will tend to reconcile these antagonisms and promote sectarian peace and concord, or whether it will only add a new element to an old difficulty, remains to be seen.

THE APPOINTMENT of Mr. Eugene F. Ware, the poet-lawyer of Kansas, as pension commissioner, to succeed Mr. Evans, may be accepted as a plain intimation of President Roosevelt's purpose that that office shall remain as free as possible from the touch of the spoilsman and that the same independent and fearless policy shall be pursued that characterized the administration of Mr. Evans. We still think that a grave mistake was made in allowing the latter to resign at this time, but since that step has been taken, the choice of Mr. Ware for the vacant position seems to have been eminently wise. It is true that Mr. Ware has had no previous experience in public office, and is therefore, in a sense, an untried man; but his record as a soldier, a lawyer, a journalist, and a prominent man of affairs in Kansas for the past thirty-five years or more affords a sufficient guarantee that he has the courage, the integrity, and the ability to administer the office of pension commissioner according to the highest practicable standards. It is true, also, that Mr. Ware is addicted to poetry somewhat and is more or less of a "literary feller," but since that is a weakness to which President Roosevelt himself must plead guilty and since our distinguished Secretary of State was once himself a Western poet of high degree, we can hardly consider the charge that a man is a poet as *prima facie* proof that he is disqualified for high public office.

IN SPITE of vehement denials, the United Kingdom of Great Britain is once more prepared to resort to protective tariff duties in order to replenish its exchequer. The proposition of the British ministry to impose a tax of three pence per hundred weight on imported grains, and five cents per hundred on flour and meal, is a tax both for revenue and for protection. As the United States sells one-third of its total surplus wheat to Great Britain, and as it is proposed by the British ministry to exempt Canadian and Australian grain from the new tax, it is evident that we are to be the greatest sufferers from its imposition. In 1900 our exports of corn, wheat, and flour to Great Britain were valued at nearly \$120,000,000. It has been suspected that the British ministry proposes to levy a grain tax as an offset to the advantage our reciprocity agreement with Cuba will give us in the trade of that island over foreign nations. However this may be, our government is under no obligation to restrain itself from retaliatory action against Great Britain. This is open in several directions. One in particular is in the liberal bonding privileges which Canadian exports enjoy while passing across the continent and through parts of the territory of the United States. The proposed action of Germany in legislating against American products, following that of Russia, and now followed by that of England, shows that the Old World regards America's industrial invasion with no little apprehension. It also shows that if we are to retain and expand our foreign trade we must expect to fight for it.

IT IS difficult at this time to view with equanimity the action of the appellate division of the Supreme Court of New York in ordering a new trial for former Wardman Bissert, convicted and sentenced for receiving bribes from unfortunate women, especially since the decision seems to turn on purely technical points and not at all on the actual merits of the case. Coming just at a time when further efforts are being made to clear New York City's police force of men of the Bissert stripe, this action of the court cannot be otherwise than disheartening. Taken in connection with the fact that nearly every member of the force dismissed or punished in any way as a result of the Lexow investigation was afterward reinstated with back pay, and that the chief offender was rewarded with the highest office in the police department, it certainly does not appear that the aid of the courts can be depended upon in efforts at police reform in New York. The conviction of Bissert after a long, tedious, and expensive trial, in which every resource known to the law, and some strong influences besides, were exerted to secure his release, was regarded as a signal triumph of justice and a hopeful beginning of better things. To have this conviction now set aside and a new trial ordered, with all its uncertainties and unpleasant possibilities, to say nothing of the heavy additional expense involved, is nothing less than a calamity for the cause of good municipal government. There may be sound and excellent reasons for this decision in the Bissert case, but if so, they are not discernible by the lay mind. When a rascally policeman has once been caught and put behind the bars it is a great pity that the courts will not let him stay there.



## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT



HON. FRANK A. VANDERLIP,  
One of America's rising  
financiers.—Bradley.

A CAREER which speaks for itself in a striking way of the possibilities lying before the young men of America to-day who have brains, energy, and character is that of Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Gage, and now Vice-President of the National City Bank of New York, the largest banking institution in the United States. The rounds of the ladder on which Mr. Vanderlip has climbed to his present high station may be named successively, counting upward, as that of farmer boy, machinist, reporter, financial editor, private secretary, assistant treasurer, and, last of all, bank president. The farmer boy period was passed at Aurora, Illinois, where Mr. Vanderlip was born in 1864; the newspaper experience was had in Chicago, partly as financial editor of the *Tribune* and later as associate editor of *The Economist*. When Lyman J. Gage was appointed Secretary of the Treasury in President McKinley's first Cabinet, he offered the place of private secretary to Mr. Vanderlip, and then progress upward was more rapid than before. Within a month after going to Washington he had shown such a grasp on Treasury affairs that he was made assistant secretary and given charge of the government's financial operations. He held that place for four years, and during that time, in addition to the ordinary duties that fall to an assistant secretary having charge of the departments and bureaus assigned to him, he handled with eminent success the government's \$200,000,000 popular war loan of 1898. Mr. Vanderlip resigned as assistant secretary at the end of four years and made a four months' tour of Europe, during which he studied the financial and commercial conditions of Great Britain and the continental countries, the results of his studies appearing in a series of articles in *Scribner's*. When Mr. Vanderlip returned from Europe, less than a year ago, he was elected to his present position with the National City Bank.

DEAN STUBBS, of Ely, England, tells this story, which cannot fail to please all Americans: Bishop Maclaren, of Chicago, had for his secretary Archdeacon Rushton, an Englishman who had married a Canadian. The archdeacon was a Yorkshireman. The children of the union were born in Chicago. One day the youngest boy came home from school. His lesson in history that day had been about the War of Independence. He asked his father and mother if they were "Britishers." They said they were. "Well," replied the boy, "I don't care. You had the King's army, and we were only a lot of farmers, but we thrashed you."



LIEUTENANT VON PREUSCHEN,  
The Austrian officer with Texas blood.

from the republic of Texas to England and France. Then the general returned to Texas and became the first Governor. Some years after that he and his wife and two daughters traveled through Europe. Baron Clemens von Preuschen

ONE OF the officers on board the Austrian cruiser *Szigetvar*, which was a recent visitor at New York, is the grandson of the first Governor of Texas. The officer's name is Lieutenant Franz Baron von Preuschen, navigator of the ship and aide-de-camp to the commander. He speaks English very well and when complimented, said that it was not so strange, for his mother was a native-born Texan. Her father was General James Pinckney Henderson, the first Governor of Texas, and during 1836 and 1837 was Ambassador from

married the general's eldest daughter and she has since lived in Austria. Baron Clemens, when he retired from the army in 1901, was ranking general of the Austrian forces. Three children came of this marriage, all boys. Two are in the navy and the other in the army. Baron Franz is the second son, and this is his first visit to America. He has been spending much of his time with his first cousin, J. Pinckney H. Adams, the former Yale champion half-mile runner. The younger daughter of General Henderson married Edward White Adams, son of a former Governor of Louisiana, and J. Pinckney H. Adams is their son.

A CYNIC once divided the world into two classes—those who are miserable because they are not successful, and those who are unhappy because they have got what they wanted. The *Figaro* of Paris has apparently determined to test the truth of this sage's maxim, and has begun by putting the dilemma to Madame Calvé, the famous singer about whom all Paris raves. Madame Calvé's answer is that she envies the happiness of an uneventful bourgeois existence, and that if she could begin all over again she would choose a quiet life among her own peasants in her native village of Avayron. She is sick of success, tired of applause, weary of making money.



GENERAL OSCAR F. LONG,  
The efficient head of the army  
transport service.

came, the United States government owned nothing on the Pacific but its naval and treasury vessels; yet within a few months troop and animal ships were secured and a service established that met every demand put upon it. Tens of thousands of soldiers and vast quantities of supplies have been shipped to Manila, but a serious accident or breakdown has never been reported. At one time the service embraced nearly fifty vessels, many of them big ocean liners. Credit belongs principally to General Long, whose services the late President McKinley recognized by appointing him brigadier-general of volunteers. General Long married a daughter of the late Isaac L. Requa, president of the Central Pacific Railroad, who left a very large estate.

THE PLEASING news comes from Washington that President Roosevelt has removed the "bar sinister" that lay across the otherwise brilliant record of Captain Joseph B. Coghlan, and restored that gallant and worthy officer to his rightful rank in the navy at the head of the list of the captains and only one remove from the rank of rear-admiral. The "bar" to which we have alluded was not "sinister" in a very bad sense after all, since it consisted of nothing more than a reduction in grade which he suffered some years ago as a penalty for writing a sharp letter to a detail officer of the Navy Department. Captain Coghlan was graduated from the naval academy at Annapolis in 1863, and immediately went into war service as an ensign. He rose from one rank to another in the navy until, in 1897, he became commander of the Raleigh at the Asiatic station. It was thus that he happened to be at the centre of things when Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila Bay on May 1st, and bore a prominent part in the famous fight on that day and also in the naval operations immediately following. Among other things he commanded the expedition to Isla de Grande, at the entrance to Subig Bay, and turned it over to the then friendly hands of the insurgent leader, Aguinaldo. For his gallantry in these movements around Manila, Captain Coghlan was advanced several grades, so he made up then a good part of the ground lost by his alleged indiscretion a few years before. Now, by the just action of President Roosevelt, the captain stands fully restored to the rank and the honors which he richly merits.

THE YOUNG Queen of Holland is said to be a total abstainer, and refuses on all occasions to take wine. Her most intimate friend, Princess Pauline of Wurtemberg, was by her won over to the ranks of the teetotalers. She is, it is believed, the only teetotaler among reigning monarchs except the Sultan of Turkey.

WHEN PROFESSOR BUNSEN, the German physicist was visiting England, a lady mistaking him for his cousin, the Chevalier Bunsen, inquired, "Have you yet finished your great work, 'God in History'?" "No," he replied, without a second's hesitation; "my untimely death prevented me from doing so."

A SIGNAL honor, richly merited and worthily bestowed, is that which President Loubet of France has conferred upon Dr. William H. Tolman, the resourceful and indefatigable secretary and lecturer of the League for Social Service, which has its headquarters in New York. The distinction referred to is the Cross of the Legion of Honor, an honor which derives additional value from the fact that it was recommended by M. Delcassé, Minister of Foreign Affairs in President Loubet's Cabinet, and by M. Jules Siegfried, former Minister of Commerce under President Carnot.

The Industrial Betterment Department of the Social Economy Exhibit of the United States at the Paris Exposition in 1900, which attracted the attention of all nations, was collected and interpreted by Dr. Tolman and the League for Social Service. This exhibit received the Grand Prix, and Dr. Tolman a gold medal. As correspondent in his country of the Musée Social, of Paris, Dr. Tolman has since been indefatigable in collecting for that institution information upon social progress, about newly established American institutions, recent legislation, etc., upon questions deserving special study and relating to all social problems in the United States. His splendid work has been appreciated in France, and is thus properly rewarded by President Loubet. As a writer and lecturer on social topics and plans for social betterment and as organizer of clubs and societies having the same objects in view, Dr. Tolman has won for himself a brilliant and enduring reputation at home and abroad and well deserves all the honors that his fellow-men may bestow upon him.

AN ATTACHE of one of the legations in Peking at the time when two continents were in a high state of tension was a guest at the Army and Navy Club in New York a few evenings since. "I had occasion," he said, "to meet Li Hung Chang, who, despite the heavy suspense overhanging his country, seemed to be, to us, painfully cheerful. One of the party present, a man in authority, referred to Li's merriment. The interpreter mentioned it to his master, who requested him to make the most beautiful reply I ever heard. 'Tell him,' said the interpreter, quoting his master, 'that the Chinese have a proverb which I commend to all, in all conditions: You cannot prevent birds of sorrow flying over your head; but you can keep them from stopping and building nests in your hair.' I immediately wrote it down, so I know the quotation is correct."

### SCOTLAND.

the land of romance and legend, will have no fairer representative at the coming coronation ceremonies in London than the Duchess of Somerset. Now that there is no Duchess of Norfolk, her Grace of Somerset ranks above every feminine subject of King Edward; but she is exceedingly modest, and, in spite of her many accomplishments, has never taken a prominent place in fashionable society. The duchess is a very good shot and has often accompanied her husband on important sporting expeditions. She became a devotee of the wheel long before cycling became a passing craze in the smart set. She has literary tastes and has been a frequent and acceptable contributor to the best English magazines of her day.



DR. WILLIAM H. TOLMAN.  
Decorated by France with the  
Cross of the Legion of Honor.



CAPT. JOSEPH B. COGHLAN,  
Whom President Roosevelt  
has properly restored  
to his full rank.



THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET,  
Highest in rank of King Edward's feminine  
subjects.



# The Semi-Centennial of Tufts College

A FAMOUS NEW ENGLAND INSTITUTION

THE OBSERVANCE of the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the charter of Tufts College has some features that are unique. It is worthy of especial note that the man who, as Governor of Massachusetts, set his hand to the charter should be alive and in full possession of his extraordinary intellectual powers. This man is no less a personage than Hon. George S. Boutwell.

The institution was founded through the efforts of the Universalists of the country, who felt that their denomination, as well as the other great Christian bodies, should have an institution of the higher learning, thoroughly equipped, and in every respect the equal of the existing colleges. Though it is entirely unsectarian in its temper and methods of administration, the Universalists from the beginning have given it a most generous and loyal support. It should be said, also, that its benefactions have not been confined to Universalists. Dr. William J. Walker, who gave more than a quarter of a million, was an Episcopalian.

At the time of the granting of the charter, Charles Tufts, a great landholder in Somerville and Medford, had already indicated his purpose to give the magnificent site, lying partly in Medford and partly in Somerville, on which the college stands. Other men, like Silvanus Packard, Oliver Dean, and William J. Walker, men of princely fortunes for those days, stood ready to contribute the necessary endowment for the beginning of the enterprise. Fifty years ago the founding of a college was a comparatively simple matter. The curriculum pursued in every college was rigidly prescribed, and confined within what seem to-day very narrow limits. A faculty of ten or twelve persons was ample for the work needed in all the specialties. Almost immediately Tufts College took its place in the column of existing New England institutions, prepared to do its work along the traditional lines. For the first half of its existence there was little occasion for change.

The remarkable development which has taken place in Tufts College, and in the great majority of New England colleges for that matter, is confined almost altogether to the last twenty-five or thirty years. The introduction of the elective system at Harvard University, which was the real pioneer in the movement for the elective principle, began only about thirty years ago. President Eliot was in the middle of his great crusade when Dr. Capen was called to Tufts College. That was the signal for a marvelous increase in the range of departments already existing, and for the introduction of new departments, many of them concerned with subjects which up to that time had never received college recognition. Tufts College was not at all backward in entering upon this new line of educational effort. The difference between the type of collegiate education which was recognized in all the colleges from, say, 1850 to 1875, and that which has grown up during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, is well indicated by the changes which have come into the college catalogues. Whereas fifty years ago, or ever thirty years ago, a small, thin pamphlet of twenty-five or thirty pages was ample to set forth the entire scheme of college work; now a volume of nearly three hundred pages is required for a college like Tufts, to give an intelligent exhibit of what it offers to its students.

The changes which have taken place in the college have been accompanied by even more extensive changes in other departments of education, particularly what we call public education. For example, in the state of Massachusetts at the time when Tufts College was founded there were only about sixty high schools, and those for the most part would hardly to-day be recognized as in the high-school class. High-school education had made but little progress even as late as 1875. Some of the most influential of the educational leaders of thirty years ago were discussing seriously the propriety of maintaining high schools at the public expense, feeling that the quality of education given in them was not high enough to justify the outlay. Most students who came from high schools to the colleges were found to have indifferent preparation. There was a feeling, therefore, in many quarters that the colleges must look for their recruits to the endowed academies. But about this time there began to be what may be called a genuine renaissance in high-school education, and now the high school is the leading force in secondary education, while the students that come from the high school to the colleges are generally the best prepared.

Referring again to the state of Massachusetts, the number of high schools has increased from about sixty to more than four times that number. Forty thousand pupils in round numbers are to-day receiving instruction in two hundred and sixty high schools, most of them of the best equipment. In nearly all of the larger towns and cities of the commonwealth the high schools are housed in palatial structures, more costly and more perfect in all



H. BALLOU, SECOND, D.D.,  
First President Tufts College, 1852-1861.



A. A. MINER, D.D., LL.D.,  
President Tufts College, 1862-1875.



E. H. CAPEN, D.D., LL.D.,  
President Tufts College since 1875.

their arrangements for educational work, including laboratory and library facilities, than the best college buildings of thirty-five years ago. Indeed, it would not be too much, perhaps, to affirm that the better high schools are doing a work which in comprehensiveness and thoroughness outrivals that of the college in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Tufts College has kept itself in the forefront of the movements which have characterized this most extraordinary epoch in education. It was one of the earliest to recognize the soundness of the elective principle and to make application of it. It was one of the first colleges to recognize the educational value of scientific instruction, and to give science a leading place in its curriculum. For many years the scientific teachers in Tufts College have been men eminent in their specialties. One might specify such men as Dolbear, Michael, and Kingsley. Tufts College was also one of the earliest to depart from the rigidity of the old requirements for admission. Provision was made in 1876 for a course of four years' duration for which the degree of bachelor of philosophy should be given, and in which the modern languages were to take the place of Greek. It was the first of the New England colleges to make it possible for students to enter for the degree of bachelor of arts without Greek, offering instead of it what was deemed to be an equivalent of modern language attainment. Quite recently it has taken the ground that students who have passed a full four years' course in a good high school and taken a good programme, in which substantial work has been done in a specified number of subjects, should have the privilege of entering college as candidates for the degree of bachelor of arts, and has undertaken to provide courses to meet the wants of such students.

The growth of the institution within the last fifteen years has been phenomenal. The total number of students has risen since 1875 from eighty-three to nine hundred, and the number of instructors from sixteen to one hundred and forty-eight. Special departments of work have been carefully articulated and their number increased. Provision has been made for technical instruction in the various departments of engineering. A divinity school has existed since 1869. A medical school was added about ten years ago and has had a most extraordinary success. Upon its faculty are men of the highest attainment in the different specialties of medicine, and its laboratories are in charge of those who are masters in their specialties. A few years ago the Boston Dental College, one of the oldest and most reputable dental schools in the country, was incorporated with Tufts College, and already exhibits signs of unusual growth. A building for the accommodation of the medical and dental departments has recently been erected on Huntington Avenue in Boston, three stories in height, covering fifteen thousand square feet of land, and for the first time was occupied last October. The laboratories in both the medical and dental schools are unsurpassed in their quality and equipment. The dental infirmary has attracted wide attention because of its facilities and because of the application in it of the principle of asepsis in dentistry.

Tufts College has been highly favored with gifts since it came into existence. The total value of its property is somewhere in the neighborhood of two millions of dollars. Still, like most institutions, it is feeling the need of great increase in contributions to enable it to meet the growing demands of modern education. Perhaps its greatest need at the present time is a salary fund, in addition to its present endowment, of not less than a million dollars, that it might increase the compensation of its overworked and underpaid teaching force, and add new teachers in departments where the growth of the college requires additional instruction.

It is perhaps fortunate that the college has had but three presidents in the fifty years that have passed.

Hosea Ballou, second, D.D., was the first president, a man of great learning, of consecrated spirit, and definite ideas as to the proper foundations of an institution of the higher learning. He had passed the middle period of life when he was called to the office of president, and the anxiety involved in the organization of the institu-

tion undermined his health and hastened his death after seven years of service. His successor in office was the Rev. A. A. Miner, D.D., LL.D., a man of commanding intellect and great administrative capacity. Dr. Miner was successful, during the twelve years and a half of his administration, which was terminated in February, 1875, in adding materially to the endowment of the college. Although he was president of Tufts College he did not give up his connection with the parish of which he was the minister for forty years, and among his parishioners were many wealthy persons who took a deep interest in promoting the welfare of the college.

The present incumbent, the Rev. Elmer H. Capen, D.D., LL.D., who succeeded Dr. Miner in 1875, and has therefore held his office for nearly twenty-seven years, has been associated with the college during the years of its greatest intellectual and numerical development, and has been the inspirer and leader in all the movements of expansion and growth which have given Tufts College a place in the front rank of most progressive institutions of our time.

## Studying Needs of Prisoners.

RIGHTEOUS COMPLAINT has often been made in years past by penologists and others interested in the reclamation of criminals, that the actual administration of affairs in our prisons and reformatories generally was in the hands of men who knew little and cared less about prison reform or any of the improved methods proposed for introduction in modern penal institutions. Such proposals have too often been met with the sneer that they were simply the "new-fangled notions" of cranky philanthropists who knew nothing of the actual conditions and needs of prisoners, and this, in spite of the fact that they were put forward by men who had devoted their lives to the study of just such needs and conditions, prompted solely by humanitarian impulse. But, however true this charge of ignorance and indifference to improved methods may have been in the past, it does not hold against the present administration of the prisons in New York state. Under Superintendent Collins steady progress has been made in bringing these institutions up to the highest standard demanded in the interests of real and practical reform. Mr. Collins has abolished the unnecessary and degrading custom of the lock-step and has brought about an extension of the system of parole and the organization of the state board of parole. Latest of all he has issued an order directing the abandonment of the practice in the state-prisons of close cropping of the hair of convicts. This practice had nothing better to commend it than long-established usage and the notion that it was somehow conducive to the cleanliness and health of convicts. But Superintendent Collins became convinced after a careful study of the matter that the evil effects of the custom upon the character and conduct of prisoners much more than counter-balanced the good, and he has accordingly done away with it. All the changes thus instituted are in harmony with the enlightened and advanced methods of prison management under which men and women condemned for crime are no longer regarded as brutes to be tortured, humiliated, and degraded in every conceivable way, and turned out upon society again ten-fold worse than before, but as human beings, men and women still, for whose redemption and restoration to the ranks of honest citizenship persistent and unremitting effort should be made.

## The President's Capacity for Work.

THE CONFESSIONS of any stenographer to whom Mr. Roosevelt dictated before the latter succeeded to the Presidency would, with proper judgment, exceed in interest "Pepys' Diary" or "Boswell's Johnson." It is not likely that anything of the sort will be seen in this generation. When it is done, however, it will contain some such incident as the following, which is already vouched for: When Mr. Roosevelt was police commissioner in New York he was under promise to furnish a certain publisher an important manuscript. Every afternoon between official duties and receptions he dictated to a stenographer sent by the publisher. Walking up and down the room Mr. Roosevelt spoke distinctly, punctuating and indicating the paragraphs. When proofs were submitted few alterations were necessary. His capacity for work was marvelous.

Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, is a complement to the stomach. You can get nothing better.





TUFTS COLLEGE BUILDINGS AND CAMPUS BEAUTIFULLY LOCATED AMID HISTORIC SURROUNDINGS.



AN HISTORIC RELIC—THE OLD POWDER-HOUSE OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.



THE GODDARD CHAPEL, ONE OF THE TEN FINEST BUILDINGS IN THE COUNTRY, ARCHITECTURALLY CONSIDERED.



MOUNTED FIGURE OF THE FAMOUS ELEPHANT, "JUMBO," IN THE P. T. BARNUM MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.



BOARD OF TRUSTEES AND OVERSEERS, FOLLOWED BY INVITED GUESTS, MARCHING FROM THE BARNUM MUSEUM TO THE CHAPEL.—(1) PRESIDENT CAPEN. (2) HENRY B. METCALF, PRESIDENT OF TRUSTEES. (3) EX-GOVERNOR BOUTWELL.

### TUFTS COLLEGE CELEBRATES ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

AN OCCASION MADE MORE NOTABLE BY THE PRESENCE OF EX-GOVERNOR BOUTWELL, OF MASSACHUSETTS, WHO GAVE THE INSTITUTION ITS CHARTER.—Photographs by our Staff Photographer, R. L. Dunn.



# The Rise and Fall of a Millionaire

LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, THE WALL STREET PLUNGER, WHOSE BEAUTIFUL PALACE WAS SOLD AT AUCTION

By Harry Beardsley

NEW YORK'S dream palace is no more, and the dreamer who made his dream come true is in a far-off country. Some day Lewis G. Tewksbury, who lived in the splendor of a prince of India in the house which has been dismantled by the auctioneer, his palace at 29 West Seventy-second Street, may return to New York and resume again his life of lavish luxury, which only a few years ago made him famous throughout the land. To-day it is said that he is in London and that he is recovering a fortune lost in the dark valley of Wall Street. The dream which came to such a rude awakening is recalled by the auction sale at his palace recently, when all that was odd and rich and grotesque and exquisite was dragged from the remarkable home which it fitted so well; and the sultan's little palace was destroyed.

Of all the men who have been quickly made and unmade in an hour by the great gambling house which is a street lined with buildings which hold villages of people, there is none whose career is so remarkable as that of Lewis G. Tewksbury, the bucket-shop king. He came to New York at twenty-two years old and went into a broker's office as an office boy. The salary was so small that the young man could barely live on it. But Tewksbury was a genius. He did not remain an office boy long. In 1884 he began to be known throughout speculative circles in New York. He was then a proprietor of a bucket-shop and was making money. But the way in which he made money, excelling the other bucket-shop men, was peculiar. His chief customers were women—and wealthy women at that. The same qualities which he exerted to bring a great influence over his wealthy feminine customers were expressed in the luxurious and æsthetic beauties of his weird and gorgeous palace on Seventy-second Street.

From the description of those who knew Tewksbury, there was nothing unusual in his personal appearance. He was not handsome. In stature he was of the medium size and is usually described in the indefinite words, "very good-looking," a peculiar emphasis being placed on "very," an emphasis by which the proper meaning of the word is reversed. But there was in the man, nevertheless, a peculiar subtle quality which attracts. He had a host of friends and retainers who were not drawn by the magnet of his riches, because they themselves were rich. He exerted over them a powerful spell. Being women, they were influenced by the finer, daintier, exquisite things which would not affect men. They confided in him their aims for greater wealth, money that they might use as they wished, perhaps, and they practically gave him control, too, of their bank accounts. During his days of extraordinary prosperity Tewksbury made money for them, doubled and trebled their fortunes in months, as he did his own. In the days of his adversity, which quickly followed, these friends did not desert him. There are said to be many who freely offered him hundreds of thousands of dollars.

It was during those days of opulence that the palace on Seventy-second Street was in the radiance of its glory. Through its influence Tewksbury was able to extend his power. He was an odd combination of the dreamer, the artistic and the practical. His dream palace was a part of his plan for making more money, whereby he could continue to gratify his taste for elegance and luxury. Moreover, he was an advertiser.

Every week he held receptions which were practically open to the public. All that was necessary for admittance was the personal card of the caller. These receptions were held usually on Sunday. Then wine and music were free. On these days he frequently spent \$2,000 on the entertainment of his guests. The visitors were invited to stroll through the palace; and, to make the beautiful contents of greater interest, there were printed descriptions inclosed in frames on many of his great, costly vases, paintings or antiques. And a visit to that palace was like a dream itself.

I will tell some of the things that were seen by those who were entertained by Tewksbury in his days of splendor. The house itself is a narrow four-story stone building, only twenty-five feet wide and one hundred feet deep. There is nothing very unusual in the outside appearance, but one of the strangest expressions of the Oriental tastes of the owner was that a ray of daylight was never admitted within the palace. The light was supplied only by electricity, and that was subdued and softened and transformed in so many ways and by lamps and chandeliers so marvelous and beautiful that the daylight was never missed, and the gentle, dreamy substitute of the lamps was welcome.

In the hall where one entered first there trickled and splattered softly and musically a fountain. About it were palms; surrounding the balcony above were balustrades of pure white marble; at one side of the fountain was a broad mirror, at the other a painting which cost Tewksbury \$5,000, the figure of a beautiful Roman maiden. The trickling fountain was the bath from which she had retired—it was an odd little conception of the sultan's. Back through the dining-room and entering between heavy curtains the visitor was in the Oriental, languid elegance of the Turkish room. The interior finish alone cost \$35,000. It was furnished with couches, lamps, figures, all bought in Asia, all genuine; and back of the room was a window of art glass so artfully arranged with lights that one thought one sat in moonlight. There were Turkish musical instruments and Turkish arms and the hookah—all intensifying the strange effect.

In this dream palace were twenty-two rooms, most of them modeled, to a certain extent at least, after rooms of palaces which Tewksbury had visited in Europe and Asia. The wine cellar was an exact reproduction of the wine cellar in a monastery at Chartreuse, France. The bottles of wine were kept in round "pigeon holes" bored out of rock, there was an interior window stuffed with old rags, and the lock on the door was actually brought from a monastery at a cost of \$500. To add to the reality of the antiquity of his wine cellar the sultan of Seventy-second Street imported from Germany 200 live spiders at a cost of \$2 each—huge insects, but not poisonous—to spin great cobwebs in the wine cellar. But in their new home most of the spiders died, and those which survived were quickly exterminated by the housewife who succeeded Mr. Tewksbury in possession of his palace. The Tewksbury bath-room was lined with marble, the plunge was of marble, the fixtures solid silver.

Next to it was the room where every morning the American sultan sat while his barber, who was called in every day, shaved him. From the private chamber of Tewksbury was a secret stairway, the most Oriental feature of all, leading down to the ground outside. He could

escape while his house was full of callers and they would be none the wiser. In his bed-chamber there was a hanging globe containing a lamp which never was extinguished; it shone through thick glass in the bronze frame of a heavy and beautiful chandelier. The light was like the dull orange of the harvest moon. The dressers of his chamber were built into the wall. Near this was a bed-chamber, reserved for Tewksbury's mother and sister when they came to New York. It was always closed while they were not there. Mr. Tewksbury was not married.

A curious room was his bar, which had the cork-pullers and copper sink of a modern café. No one was ever permitted to drink there until he had first tossed off a Tewksbury cocktail, a concoction of Tewksbury's own.

The walls of the palace, as one went through, were seen to be hung with costly paintings of the modern school, all in luxurious taste. Here in one corner stood a clock which was a globe on an upright stand and it cost \$5,000 in Paris. On the wall, as one went up the stairway, hung a silk rug worth \$18,000. Mirrors were everywhere and about them costly draperies, making them seem like entrances into other spacious apartments. On the post at the foot of each stairway throughout the rooms were cleverly concealed push-buttons, so that no matter in what part of this palace he might be, the sultan could call a servant. And he paid his chef \$5,000 a year and his butler \$6,000 and the stenographer in his office \$7,000.

And as one paced upward through the rooms one saw rich tapestries, paintings, and cabinets filled with costly ornaments—one with 150 pieces of cloisonné pottery, gorgeous in its coloring, wonderful in its detail, worth thousands of dollars; another with Satsuma pottery, another containing costly miniatures which he had collected. Then there was the bungalow, with a ceiling like the roof of a tent and curtains which could be released, so that one seemed to be in an odd and Oriental inclosure. On one side was a rude hearth of stone and among the rocks were the stuffed bodies of many snakes, which seemed to be crawling stealthily about.

Of things beautiful and rich and curious there was no end. Mr. V. C. Cadieux, who arranged them all for sale, had on his list 3,000 different articles. This description has only touched on the beauties of the palace. It cost its extravagant owner more than a million dollars. His entertainments and his dinners were in keeping with the warm luxury of his home. He gave weekly concerts, hiring large orchestras. On the top of his building was a roof garden where, every Wednesday in summer, he gave an entertainment. This was provided with a tent cover, so that a sudden shower would not interrupt the jollity.

He reigned only a few brief years. In the panic of 1893, during a bear market, he made his greatest fortune and went to live in his palace. In 1896, after the defeat of Mr. Bryan, Tewksbury lost everything in the rise of stocks. His days of glory were over. His carriage and horses—for the latter he paid \$18,000—were sold, his dream palace went into the hands of William E. Spier, and later the plunger of Wall Street, the artistic, the lavish, the æsthetic, the spectacular Tewksbury, went away to Mexico, leaving a multitude of debts. Afterward he traveled to London, and it is reported that he is regaining his fortunes and that he has made many overtures to his creditors, but his dream palace is no more.

## What Makes Beef Higher?

SENSATIONAL ATTACKS ON OUR PACKING INDUSTRY THAT ARE UTTERLY UNJUSTIFIED

By Robert Rayden

THE PRESENT agitation in some of the Eastern newspapers regarding the advanced price of beef all over the country clearly shows by the sensational tone in which it is carried on, a very serious lack of precise information upon the subject. Articles have appeared in, and are still being published by, newspapers whose statements are ordinarily accepted as fairly correct, that disclose entire unfamiliarity with the beef business and that have evidently been written without the slightest intelligent investigation. They are calculated to do great harm to one of our most successful industries.

The present comparatively high price of beef is, as a matter of fact, the result solely of the recent advance in cattle. Current prices for beef are by no means as high as those ruling in 1882, when cattle were selling at the highest figures known to the trade. The chief cause of the advance then was scarcity as compared with the demand, and similar cause exists now. Prosperity among wage-earners everywhere has stimulated consumptive demand abnormally, while receipts of the raw material have largely diminished. The records of one of the largest packers in the dressed-beef trade show that for the week ending April 12th, this year, cattle on the hoof cost 1½ cents, and, when dressed, cost 2½ cents per pound higher than similar cattle for the corresponding week last year.

To the deficient corn crop in 1901 may be attributed the lighter yield of cattle per head this year as compared with former years of plentiful feed. It is very well known in livestock and packing centres that the percentage of beef and of fat is now much lighter than last year and also that fewer cattle are being fed or marketed. The statistics of the trade show this, and the records of the Agricultural Department at Washington confirm them.

In proof of the above statement it is only necessary to examine the official returns of the six chief livestock markets covering a period of the last five weeks. These show that there has been a decrease of two per cent. in number, and, what is of much greater significance and importance, a decrease of five per cent. in live weight. These deficiencies in number and weight resulted in a shortage of about 42,000,000 pounds, or an average of over 8,000,000 per week. A larger percentage of the total receipts this year are stockers and feeders, which are unsuitable for packers' requirements and are bought by farmers for feeding purposes. Live cattle are now bringing the highest prices paid since 1882, and beef steers are bringing 1½ cents per pound, live weight, higher than the average for this class of cattle during the past twenty years.

Producers, who a few years ago were dissatisfied because of low prices, are not complaining now. One of the larger packers in Chicago has alone paid them for livestock purchased during the past six months over \$8,000,000 more than the same firm paid them for similar weight a year ago. A conservative estimate of the total excess paid this year over last, during a similar period, for corresponding weight of livestock, shows the total advance to be about \$50,000,000. It is hardly fair to suppose that this vast sum of money can be paid to the producers of the country, in excess of that paid last year, for a corresponding weight of raw material, without a proportionate advance to the retail and consumptive trade.

The effect of this prosperity upon the farming community, in connection with livestock alone, has favorably affected all branches of trade, while, as a matter of fact, it has been detrimental to dealers in dressed beef gener-

ally. High prices for food products tend to dissatisfaction on the part of the consuming public and afford opportunity for agitation while at the same time restricting consumption. Dealers would naturally prefer reasonable prices for livestock and correspondingly reasonable prices for food products, so that business would not be curtailed nor subjected to severe price fluctuations.

To the great army of livestock dealers and commission merchants who are the agents of, and who represent, the farmers of the great West, it is well known that not a single packer in any of the livestock centres has any interest whatever in animals upon the ranch or farm. All livestock slaughtered at these centres are purchased in the open market, after their arrival at the various stockyards, where they have been consigned by the producers. People who are connected with this great industry and who are familiar by daily contact with its details need not be told this. They know it to be true. There is not the slightest difficulty in showing conclusively that dressed beef has sold relatively lower than livestock during the advance which has been so freely commented upon.

It is known beyond question to every one that Secretary of the Department of Agriculture Wilson is peculiarly fitted, not only by lifelong practical association with the cattle business, but also by official familiarity with the various phases of the cattle trade, to give an intelligent opinion upon the situation. In an interview within the past two weeks, he said:

"I do claim to know something about the raising and selling of beef. Others may talk about the 'beef combine' as much as they like, but to me the raise in the price of beef is very easily explained. It is due almost wholly to a short corn crop last year, and to a great de-

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TURKISH ROOM WITH ITS FURNISHINGS, STRANGE, RICH, AND ORIENTAL.



DOOR OF THE WINE CELLAR—THE PONDEROUS LOCK WAS BROUGHT FROM AN OLD FRENCH MONASTERY.



RICH TAPESTRIES, AND CABINETS FILLED WITH COSTLY ANTIQUE MINIATURES.



THE BUNGALOW—THE RUDE FIRE-PLACE ADORNED WITH STUFFED SNAKES.



BRONZE GATE IN THE HALL OF THE "PALACE."



THE QUEER WINE CELLAR, REPRODUCED FROM THAT OF A MONASTERY IN FRANCE.

## THE UNIQUE PALACE OF A WALL-STREET COMET.

THE MAGNIFICENT HOME OF BROKER TEWKSBURY, WHO ROSE FROM OFFICE BOY TO MILLIONAIRE, AND FAILED.

Photographs by our Staff Photographer, R. L. Dunn.



MISS MARY EDMUNDS SYKES, ABERDEEN, MISS., SPONSOR-IN-CHIEF.—*Marceau.*

MISS MARtha BLANCHE PORTER, MEMPHIS, TENN., FIRST MAID-OF-HONOR TO THE SPONSOR-IN-CHIEF.

MISS CLAUDE BROWNRIGG MCQUISTON, ABERDEEN, MISS., MAID-OF-HONOR TO SPONSOR-IN-CHIEF.

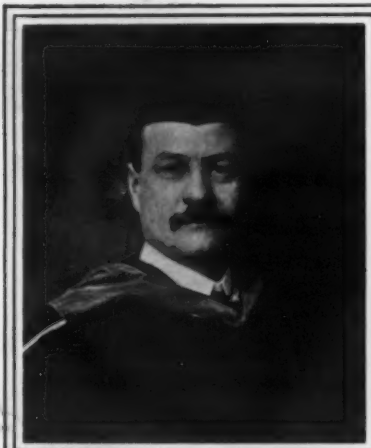
R. B. HOUGHTON, ST. LOUIS, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF UNITED SONS CONFEDERATE VETERANS, *Starke, St. Louis.*

MRS. EUGENE LANIER SYKES, NEW YORK, CHAPERON OF THE PARTY.—*Pach Bros.*

MISS KATIE COLE, DALLAS, TEX., MAID-OF-HONOR TO THE SPONSOR-IN-CHIEF.—*Deane, Dallas, Tex.*

### BEAUTY AND GRACE AT THE GREAT CONFEDERATE REUNION.

CHARMING SPONSORS AND MAIDS-OF-HONOR FOR THE SONS OF EX-CONFEDERATES AT THE NOTABLE GATHERING AT DALLAS, TEX.



NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, PRESIDENT.



COLUMBIA STUDENTS SINGING "SANS SOUCI" ON LIBRARY STEPS WHILE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT WAS APPROACHING.



ROOSEVELT RESPONDS TO ENTHUSIASTIC GREETINGS.



GOVERNOR ODELL, OF NEW YORK, MOUNTING THE STEPS.

### COLUMBIA'S NEW PRESIDENT INAUGURATED.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, GOVERNOR ODELL, AND MANY FAMOUS EDUCATORS ATTEND THE CELEBRATION IN HONOR OF PRESIDENT NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.—*Photographs by Dunn.*





# MOVING-DAY IN BUSTLING NEW YORK.

MAY 1ST, NEW-YORK'S GREAT MOVING-DAY, THE BUSIEST OF ALL THE YEAR.—Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by F. Cresson Schell.



# Columbia's Remarkable Strong Man

EXTRAORDINARY PHYSICAL CAREER OF NELSON WILLARD, THE STRONGEST MAN AT COLUMBIA

By T. Wallace Thorne

THOSE WHOSE muscles are superb and those who have triumphed in great contests of strength are often the most modest and diffident of men. So it is with Nelson Willard, who not long ago broke all the records for strength at Columbia University. Another interesting thing about this the strongest man who has ever attended Columbia is that he is small. His height is only 5 feet 5½ inches; his weight is 160 pounds. His bones are not large and the framework of his body is not broad. When he is attired in his clothes he seems much smaller than an ordinary man. There is nothing to give a hint of the power hidden in his muscles. But this small, modest, unassuming youth can raise from the ground with the muscles of his back a weight equal to nearly half a ton, and in his legs there is power to lift more than three-quarters of a ton. It is like the ponderous and deadly strength of a bear.

And for a period of two years of his boyhood Willard, Columbia's strong man, was weak and sickly. During all that time he was kept out of school and was constantly under the doctor's care. In the language of one of his relatives who described him then, he was "scrawny." He took very little exercise of any sort, for he had neither the disposition nor the strength. When, during the periods of relief from his affliction—a disease of the nasal organs—he would attempt to join the other boys in their games, he found that he had no endurance, no muscle or activity. The outlook for him was a weak and sickly manhood.

In many other cases, notably that of President Roosevelt, men who have passed through long periods of sickness and physical weakness in their boyhood have in later years attained to great bodily perfection. The secret of the accomplishment of this, as of nearly everything else, is persistence and application. It has been decidedly so in the life of young Willard. And in the fact that he is the strongest man who has ever attended Columbia University there is abundant encouragement for little men, for it simply shows that size of body is not necessary for strength. The power is not in the bone but in the muscle, and muscle can be packed about the framework of any man.

Willard is not the first small man who has broken collegiate strength records; and it has often been a source of wonder how one of medium weight, such as Willard, could surpass in muscular power men who were many inches broader, a half foot taller, and fifty pounds or more heavier. The explanation of it is that the tests agreed upon by the colleges and devised by Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, combine two elements, one of which measures the muscle, in quantity and quality, and the other determines a man's ability to use his muscles. So the test involves the exercise of the mind, too—a little generalship in handling one's self—which is, of course, entirely correct, for of what use would great muscles be to a man if he could not use them?

There are just six parts to the strength test, and they are so arranged that they try pretty thoroughly every portion of the body. The first of these is for the back. A bar of steel is attached to a chain. The other end of the chain is hooked to a register, which is like the scales in a butcher-shop. A hook on a box holds the other end of the register so that when the athlete mounts the box, grasps the steel bar and pulls upward with all his might, the strain comes on the muscles of his back, and the force which he exerts is registered on the scale-like device, according to the metric system, in kilos. Willard's record in this was 350 kilos, or 770 pounds—nearly half a ton.

The test for the legs is made on the same "machine." Instead of pulling up with the hands, the knees are placed under the steel bar; the athlete leans back, at the same time straightening his legs, thus pulling up the bar. In

this test Willard lifted 755 kilos—1,661 pounds—more than three-fourths of a ton. It is in the strength of his back and legs that the record holder of Columbia particularly excels, and when one sees the great folds of plastic muscle which his small frame supports, one is not surprised. The third test is for the grip, one for the right, the other for the left hand. For this there is a very simple register fitting closely within the hand, which tells how many kilos or pounds a man can compress. During the test which won for him the record Willard exerted with his right hand a force equal to more than 167 pounds, and with his left hand nearly 152 pounds. At other times he has gripped twenty pounds more than that with either hand, but in order to count as a record the tests must be done all on the same occasion, without resting, beginning at number one and ending at number six.

To ascertain the strength and capacity of lungs the candidate blows through a rubber tube into a cylindrical metallic jar. The breath which he sends into the jar lifts another cylinder, like a bucket, filled with water, and the capacity is shown by the height to which this is raised. Willard's record is 260 cubic inches of air—the quantity which his lungs can contain. This is nearly a gallon. It is not a remarkable capacity, however, excepting for a man of his stature, for larger men have greater lungs. The record of Columbia's strong man for "dips" is forty-two; and for "pull-ups" is thirty-four. The "dip" is performed between two parallel bars. With a hand on each the athlete allows himself to sink between the bars, and then by straightening his arms he lifts himself up until the arms are stiff. The arms, the back, and the chest muscles are brought into play. The "pull-up" consists of raising the body up until the chin is above the bar, upon which the man suspends himself by his hands. It is a test of the biceps and the muscles of the abdomen and chest. And that ends the test.

The back, the legs, the chest, abdomen, and arms, the hands and lungs have all been tried. Aside from the mere muscle there is a test, too, of the nerve, the initiative force, the determination necessary to use the muscles to their utmost capacity, the mental effort to use them to the best advantage. All these determine who shall be the champion among the strong men. And Nelson Willard won by scoring 1,814 points, breaking the record of Harold Weekes, the star football player of Columbia, by 105 points.

This simply means that the boy who was kept from school because of his sickness has conquered splendidly his infirmities and is now a type of robust physical manhood. The two forms of exercise to which he attributes his present strength are the game of baseball and work in a gymnasium. He was fourteen years old when the doctor's instructions kept him away from school. Two years he was a weakling, an invalid boy. Then, as he recovered strength, he took every opportunity he could find to play baseball. The love for physical activity, which returns with the restoration of health, began to assert itself. Willard became a first-class baseball player. He had no other regular exercise either of play or work to develop him.

His father is a professor of Greek in Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., the home of young Willard, and when he came to Columbia three years ago to take a post-graduate course, Willard went into the gymnasium. He had very little muscle. Though the outdoor exercise which he had taken had given him vigor and activity, at twenty-three years old his muscles were not large. Then he went to work in the gymnasium. He began first with light dumb-bells and chest-weights. He worked, also, on the parallel bars and other strength apparatus of the gymna-

sium. He never attempted any of the gymnastic tricks, consequently he was not injured and his development was not impeded. Constantly his muscles were growing. The time spent in the gymnasium each day was short. On three days of the week he had only a half-hour, and on the other days fewer than twenty minutes. But he was there every day. And in that fact is the secret of his physical perfection. It is the tendency for youths while in the heat of interest in athletics to make spasmodic efforts at physical training. The usual result is strained and sore muscles, so that exercise becomes painful. This dampens the athletic ardor and the exercise ceases. Willard seldom misses a day in the "gym." He is as regular as clock-work.

The exercise to which he attributes his huge muscles is the lifting of heavy dumb-bells. This is usually protested against by physical instructors, who see the danger of a strain for those who attempt too much. "I have never strained myself lifting weights," said Willard. "I can always tell when I am doing anything that is dangerous. I did not begin lifting the heavy weights until I had pretty good muscles. Most people don't appreciate the value of a gymnasium. The apparatus of a 'gym' is the best thing a man can get hold of to build himself up. There are a lot of patent exercisers for people to put in their own rooms. I never tried any of them, but I would say this: that if a man is going to buy a set of chest-weights for his home he ought to get good ones, and then he will get some benefit out of them, if he sticks to them.

"In lifting heavy weights," he continued, "there is danger that a man will become muscle-bound. I have avoided that by playing handball. That's a great game. It's good for your wind and it limbers up your whole body. I sprint a good deal, too, for lung development."

Willard's physical prowess has not been in the gymnasium alone, for he has been active on the athletic field. Last year he was shortstop on the 'varsity baseball team and last fall he was on the 'varsity football team, playing end and quarterback until he was forced to retire by injuries to his knee.

A rather unusual fact about the physique of Columbia's strong man is that his powerful muscles do not "stand out." His back and his arms are smooth. Even when the muscles are in action they do not appear in strands and knots under his skin like those of many other athletes. Willard is taking a post-graduate course to prepare himself to teach Greek. Physically he does not conform to the customary picture of the scholar—the slender, stooped body, the gaunt face and the spectacles. But in other respects he does. His soft voice, the deference in his manner, his gentle speech, show that the physical has not become supreme in him. His extreme modesty is almost amusing.

"I think I got the strength record more because I had a knack in going through the tests," he said. "I'm sure there are other men here stronger than I am."

The other men, however, make no assertions of that sort, but treat Willard with respect, and so would any one who has seen what a little giant he is.

## New Use for the Telephone.

IF THERE are any who think that we are nearing the end of the marvelous and helpful uses of electricity, they should read the news of the day and discover their mistake. Lieutenant-Governor Jones says he has a string on his telephone receiver, and pulls it loose when burglars enter the house. The telephone girl hears the noise and summons the police.



## Candle Coal Town . . By Florence Josephine Boyce



NIGHT after night, all the long winter through,  
Grandma Gray and the Little Boy Blue  
Sat by the fire when the curtains were down,  
And talked of the castles of Candle Coal town;  
And Grandmother Gray  
Had a good deal to say  
Of the long-ago people and houses and things;  
While Little Boy Blue  
Saw fairies he knew  
From the land where the boggy-man sings.

"LOOK at the little red house over there:  
Here's the spinning-wheel, there is a chair;

See how the smoke from the big chimneys  
curl,  
Just as it used to when I was a girl;"  
Said Grandmother Gray.  
"Oh, that is the way—  
The Middletown houses were cozy and low."  
And Little Boy Blue  
Was sure that he knew  
How Middletown looked long ago.

"SEE, there's a ship with a sail like a fan—  
I'll have a ship like it when I am a man.  
There is a pony—just look at him prance!  
And there are some fairies out learning to dance."  
Said Little Boy Blue.  
"I'll point them to you,  
And then you can see without moving your chair."

And Grandmother Gray  
Was ready to say  
She saw all the fairy folk there.

SITTING together so night after night,  
When the candle coal burned and the fire was bright,  
Grandmother Gray pictured scenes of the past,  
And Little Boy Blue saw his ship with a mast.  
To Grandmother Gray  
"T was the best of the day,  
As she dreamed by the fire when the curtains were down;  
And Little Boy Blue,  
All his long life through,  
Remembered the Candle Coal Town.





N. R. BREWER IN HIS NEW YORK STUDIO—PAINTING OF MARGARET ANGLIN ON THE FRAME.  
Photograph by Brewer.



MRS. H. W. MACK, FORMERLY OF NEW YORK, NOW OF LONDON.—From a painting by N. R. Brewer.

## Joe Jefferson and His Favorite Artist

By Homer Fort

POETRY MAY be defined as imagination and feeling wedded to felicity of expression, while art has to advance into the broad domain of materialism and cast a halo of spirituality around nature. The artist, to be great, must be a poet plus something else, and that something else is the subtle, dreamy, and potent factor which goes to make the canvas speak poems that cannot be written and dream dreams too beautiful and inchoate to be remembered. Bacon defined art to be "Homo additus natura"—man added to nature—but Bacon was no poet and a thousand cryptograms could not make him one.

These reflections came to me while viewing some of the recent works of art of N. R. Brewer, one of the noted painters of New York, who has a cozy studio at No. 5 East Twenty-eighth Street, just off Fifth Avenue, where he paints celebrities, forgets the world, and between inspirations finds time to emulate Walt Whitman by "loafing his soul" and thus avoiding that continuous fatigue which robs one of spontaneity and freshness. Mr. Brewer has the dreamy air of a poet, but his wonderful working capacity, his powers of concentration, remind me of Whistler. He does things; he never dawdles. There is no hiatus in his inspiration. He is the poet plus the requisite qualities that make the artist. It was his rapid and lifelike work that won Joe Jefferson's admiration, for the celebrated actor is a painter himself, and has high ideals. He had only an hour or so to spare, and yet Mr. Brewer painted the head of Rip Van Winkle in a way that made the comedian assert that he ranked with Sargent and possessed the gifted brush of an Israel. "Sargent has painted me," added Mr. Jefferson; "his brush-work is all right, but he doesn't touch me." Since then Mr. Jefferson has posed for a number of characters, the most noted one being the weird scene in the Catskill Mountains, where Rip Van Winkle, in a shady glen, gun in hand, hears the approach of hobgoblins. Mr. Jefferson pronounces the head and the pose in this picture the best ever made of him.

Mr. Brewer is modest and it required diplomatic coaxing to get him to relate his impressions of Jefferson as a sitter. "Mr. Jefferson," he said, "inspired me as no other sitter ever did. He was keenly alive to everything that

could help an artist to do his best, and his appreciation could be discerned by his mobility of expression. In posing for Rip Van Winkle when the hobgoblins are near, he would seize his old gun, take his position and call out: 'Now, now I am ready! I feel the part.' At other times he would cry out in his well-modulated voice: 'No, no; this will not do! I am not Rip Van Winkle; hold up a while!' He would then walk around with his gun a few minutes, go back to his place, and say, cheerily: 'Now I'll try it again.' Then, in his quiet, inimitable way, he would put his right foot forward and become the living personation of Irving's unique character. 'Ah, now, this is better. It is all right; have you got it?' he would exclaim.

"In posing he never failed to have his valet come to the studio with him and assist him in making up for his part. I could well understand how he became such a great actor; he never omitted details and heartily entered into the spirit of every pose he attempted. I discovered that Mr. Jefferson is an admirable critic and few things escape his artistic observation. He remarked one day that he did not consider artists alone the best judges of art, because they are apt to be absorbed with the technique and fail to grasp the spirit of the subject. Occasionally, while posing, he would relate an anecdote, and his eyes would twinkle with genuine merriment. During the many times he has posed for me, I have never heard him relate a story that had a sting in it, or indulge in disparaging remarks. I could not help thinking of the poet Holmes's expression that he was so many years young, while I painted Mr. Jefferson, for he has that cheerful exuberance which indicates health and good feeling."

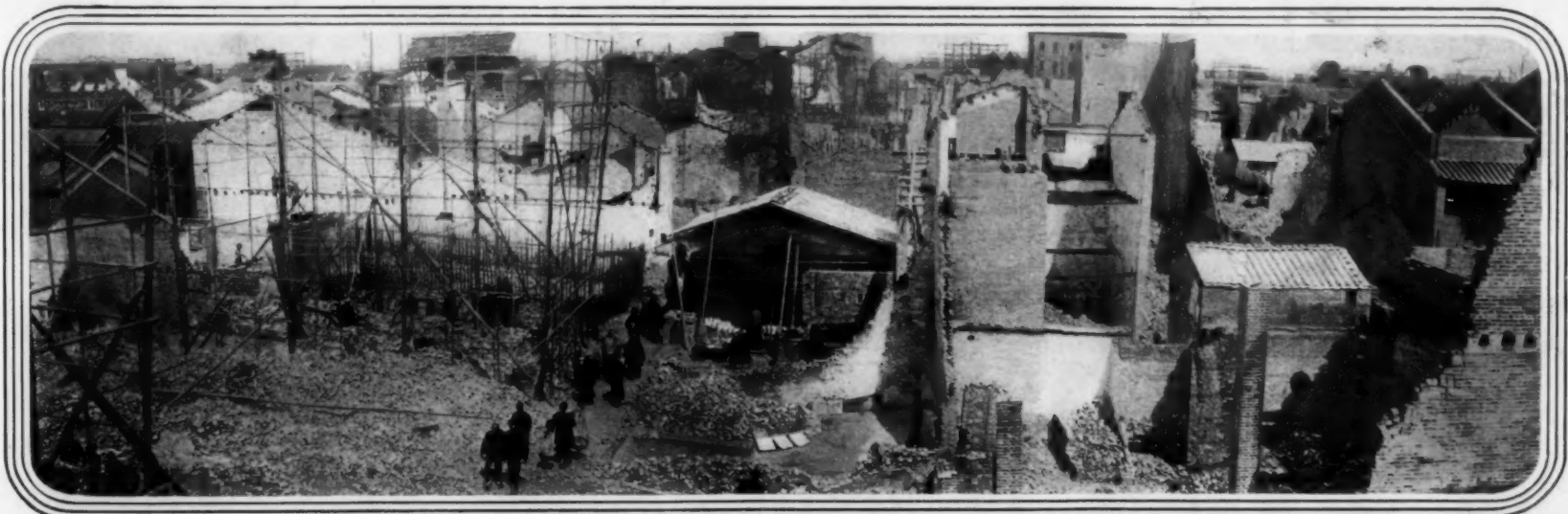
A critic of high standing said this of Mr. Brewer's portrayal of Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle: "Note the animated eye, the firm set mouth, the flesh that lives and pulsates—in a word, the whole countenance of the great actor; and all done with a freedom and certainty and directness of touch that marks a complete and perfect art." The painter will go to Palm Beach, Florida, next fall, and make more studies of the actor and other New Yorkers. He has just finished a full-length portrait of Miss Margaret Anglin, the talented actress. It might

be called "A Fairy in the Woodland," as he has placed this charming woman, clad in white, in an open forest, with wild-flowers blooming, a shadowy background, and a limpid stream flowing past her feet, reflecting her fine figure. He has given a spiritualized ideal of the popular young actress, and nowhere can be observed the conventional and stagy. Miss Anglin, he declared, had an exceedingly sympathetic nature and such grace and beauty that he never for a moment lacked inspiration for his work. Her very artlessness, he added, was true art of a high order. "Like Mr. Jefferson," he continued, "the actress threw herself into the work with animated zeal, and her sittings were always delightful periods when my brush accomplished a great deal out of the commonplace."

Mr. Brewer has produced fine portraits of many well-known people, among them the late Senator Cushman K. Davis, ex-Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, and the Rev. Thomas J. Ducey. His portrait of ex-Governor Sprague hangs in the capitol, in Providence. Mr. Brewer is a pupil of Charles Noel Flagg and D. W. Tryon, and is noted for his ability to paint a likeness true to life, bringing out the spiritual and better nature of his subject and never indulging in the gross and materialistic side of human nature. He can idealize without flattering, and he justly holds that the soul often stands revealed in the countenance, illuminating the eyes and giving a soft, divine appearance which makes man a little lower than the angels and far above the brute creation.

### Mayor Low on Laughter.

MAYOR LOW, of New York, when "off duty" is a jolly sort of philosopher, and the quick twinkle in his eyes shows it. Talking one day about laughter, which he declared, with a noted writer, has a basis of malice, Mayor Low said, "The more I ponder the more I marvel at the slinking, double-eyed, sinister villainy of the wretched, laughter-making Mark Twain, who, so far as I know, does not repent a single joke in his long career of time."



ENORMOUS LOSS OF LIFE AND PROPERTY IN THE FIRE WHICH SWEEPED THE CROWDED BUILDINGS AND NARROW, TORTUOUS STREETS OF CANTON, CHINA—REBUILDING BEGAN BEFORE THE EMBERS WERE COLD.—Photograph by H. G. Ponting. See page 433.

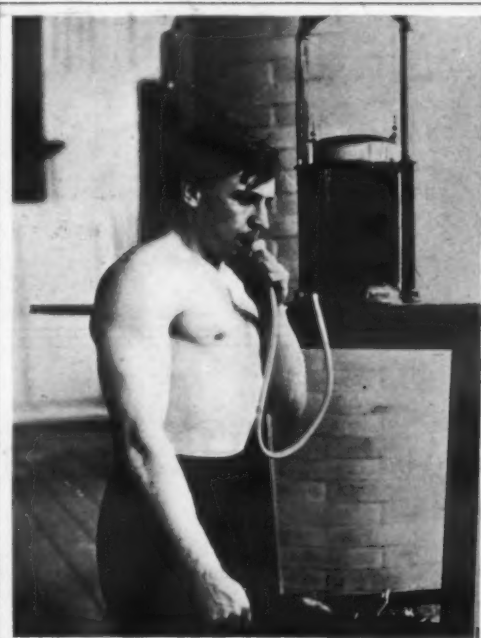




DETERMINING THE STRENGTH OF THE BACK.



WILLARD'S GOOD RIGHT ARM IN THE GRIP TEST.



MEASURING THE CAPACITY OF THE LUNGS.



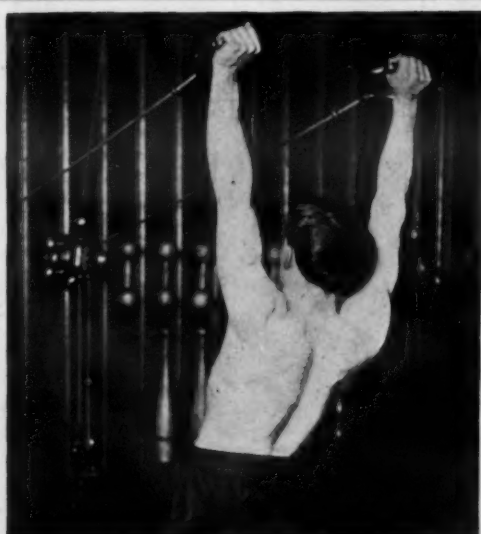
TEST FOR THE LEGS.



THE "DIP," WHICH BRINGS MANY MUSCLES INTO PLAY.



WILLARD PLAYING HAND-BALL, SHOWING THE MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT OF HIS BACK.



FAVORITE EXERCISE WITH CHEST-WEIGHTS.



TRYING THE ARMS AND CHEST—THE "PULL-UP."

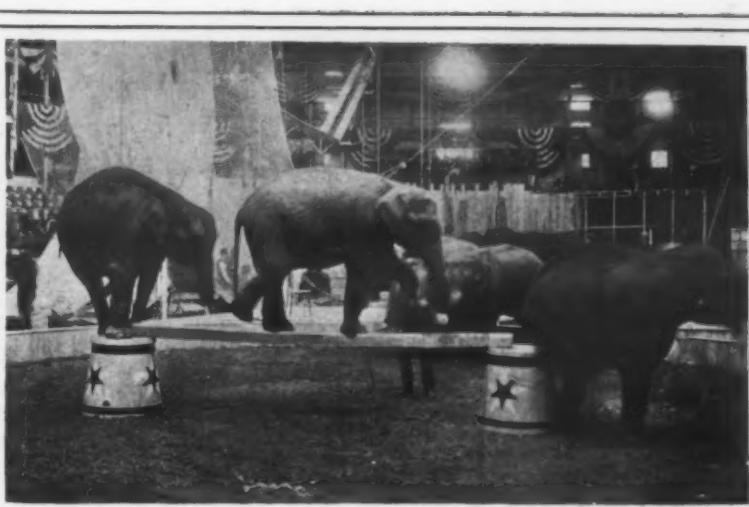
## TESTING THE STRENGTH OF COLUMBIA'S SAMSON.

NELSON WILLARD, ONCE AN INVALID, NOW A CHAMPION STRONG MAN.—Photographed for Leslie's Weekly by A. B. Phelps.





THE HUMAN MERRY-GO-ROUND.



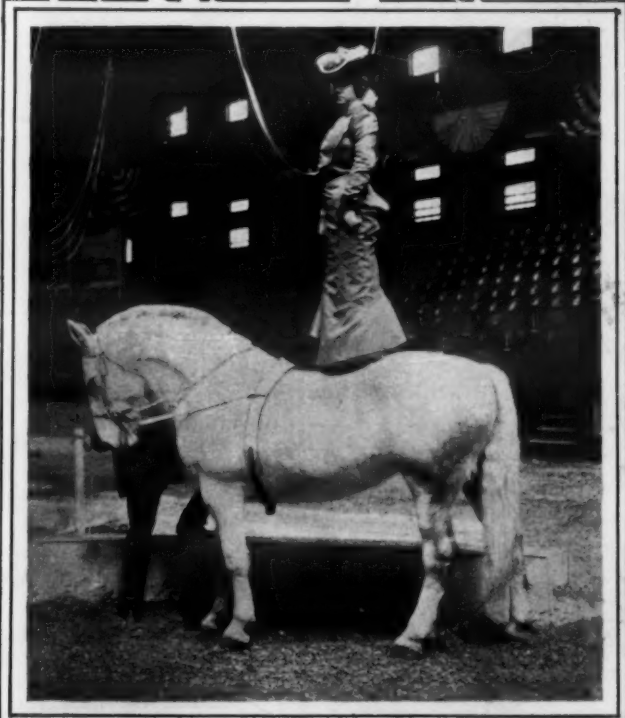
ELEPHANTS WHO WALK THE PLANK.



THE SHETLAND SITS FOR HIS PICTURE.



THE CHICKEN-MAN AND HIS FIGHTING ROOSTER.



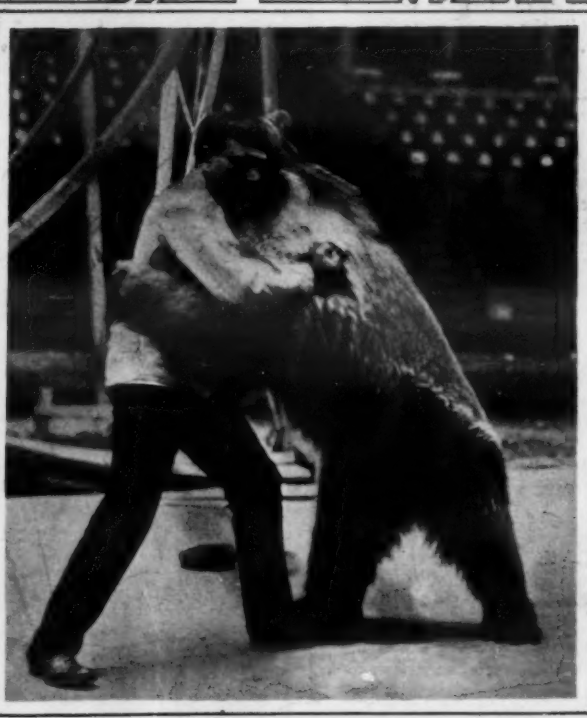
REHEARSING, IN FULL STREET COSTUME, FOR THE BAREBACK RIDE.



THE CAPACIOUS MAW OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.



THE TRAMP CLOWN ON HIS WHEEL.



THE WRESTLING BEAR.

THE CIRCUS SEASON IS HERE.

MENAGERIE, FUNNY CLOWNS, BAREBACK RIDERS, AND ACROBATS NEVER CEASE TO DELIGHT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Photographs by our Staff Photographer, R. L. Dunn.





WITH one of the greatest shows on earth, now exhibiting in Western cities, there are traveling a pair of albinos, with blue eyes. They are natives of a hamlet in Massachusetts, the peculiarities of whose inhabitants are as varied as they are interesting.

Of all the shiftless people who were domiciled in Slabtown, Jack Rathbun was the laziest "ne'er-do-well" of the whole lot. Not far behind him came Jim Hawes, his boon companion, a pasty-faced, shock-headed individual who had hardly ambition enough to keep him well out of his own way. The inhabitants of Slabtown were all of one color. Weak, watery blue eyes, pale drabish hair, and hueless skins were the product of much intermarrying between the families of Hawes and Rathbun, and in the same proportion had their intellects deteriorated until, as a farmer from a neighboring village had put it, "there wa'n't one o' them pesky critters 'et knew enough to go into the house when it rained."

Treeless, flowerless, and grassless almost, the arid hillside whereon perched the no-account hamlet, like a vulture above the fertile valleys below, rose against the yellow-rimmed blueness of the skies, one hot August afternoon. In the most unattractive situation of that undesirable vicinity the cabin of Jack Rathbun huddled its rough, unpainted sides, in the midst of an unkempt growth of stunted cabbages.

Its door swung idly to and fro in every passing wind, with each return almost striking the knees of a young woman who was lolling indolently on the heated doorstep. She squinted slightly as the two cronies hove into sight, around an adjacent building; and, rising, disappeared into the dimness of the cabin's interior.

They slouched up to the doorway and, without removing the ill-smelling pipes from their lips, entered and sat down on either side of a rickety table.

"Git me somethin' to drink out of, Lindy."

Jack removed from the tattered pocket of his coat a long black bottle and a greasy pack of playing cards, which he placed on the centre of the table.

A little wrinkle narrowed about the thin mouth of the young woman and into the colorless eyes a swift flash of resentment leaped.

"Drinkin' agin?" she asked scornfully, as she produced two cracked teacups and set them down at her husband's elbow with a force that threatened to finish their career of usefulness.

"Any of your business?"

He looked up at her with a leering smile and without any reply she returned to the doorway, where she remained standing with her face toward the interior of the room. For a while the game of cards and the steady gurgle of liquid from the nose of the black bottle continued uninterruptedly. The scornful look deepened in the light blue eyes of Lindy as she watched the pieces of small change transferred from her husband's possession to that of his friend.

Jack never had any luck at cards. He was too big a fool, she thought, contemptuously, and a cloud settled darkly over the hueless monotony of her countenance. Through the open doorway might have been seen another cloud gathering above the western horizon, smoke-colored and brassy on its edges, where it curled up in little vapory ripples.

Still the game of cards progressed, still the muddy liquor flowed from the neck of the black bottle down the throats of the men, whose thirst increased in direct proportion to its gratification; and still Lindy watched them, with growing disdain and discontent in the eyes that had been soulless before.

A thick voice from the interior of the cabin, which was fast taking on the gray-

hue of the atmosphere outside, arrested her thoughts and fixed the dawning intelligence in her eyes.

"Got any change, Lindy?"

It was Jack and he was smiling with maudlin confidence into her face.

"No."

There was no emotion apparent in the accentless voice, but the light-hued eyes spoke volumes.

"Wa-al, then—"

He leaned far over the table, whose legs creaked loudly, threatening imminent collapse, and grasped his companion by one ragged sleeve. "Wa-al, then," he repeated thickly, "s' long 's I hain't got no money, nor Lindy hain't, neither, I'll play you 'nother game—for m' wife."

Hawes looked at him stupidly. "What?" he evolved slowly at last.

"We'll play fur Lindy. 'F I beat, she's mine—'f you beat, you kin hev her. Hey?"

A low rumble of thunder in the distance rolled in at the open doorway. The woman standing there leaned forward slightly as the answer came.

"All right. I'm 'greeable."

She came a few steps nearer the table and stood motionless while Jack shuffled the cards, but the door still stood wide open, though its interstice was filled now by the dimensions of the blue-black cloud whose towering pillars were slashed diagonally at intervals by a hissing ribbon of electricity. Hawes, with a quick turn of his wrist, cut the greasy pack in two and Jack turned to him inquiringly as he took them up again.

"What's trumps?"

"Spades. The jack."

Lindy stood against the mantel, her loose cotton gown falling nearly to the coarsely shod feet beneath, and watched the game breathlessly. There was no grace in her attitude, no beauty in the lines of her ill-clad figure, but the new emotions dawning in her eyes had lent a certain dignity to her countenance, a dignity her expressionless features had hitherto lacked. She watched each card as it was thrown down with a vicious slap on to the table, saw her husband's stupid playing into his opponent's hand, and was silent. Presently luck seemed to change. Game was coming Jack's way. She became more interested, but the hard look that had been born in her face did not desert her.

Slap, slap, she heard the cards fall on to the surface beneath them. A long sheet of flame, blue and hissing, danced in at the open doorway and described an unearthly halo about the unwashed, unkempt heads of the players. The ignorant are always reckless. A smothered oath preceded the quick roll of thunder that reverberated

from hillside and valley, filling the little room with its deafening echoes.

The game was all going Jack's way now. His grimy hand covered each little heap of cards as they were deposited, and drew them over to his side of the table. The black bottle was forgotten. They puffed away at the dead ashes in their pipes unheedingly, while the steady flip, flip of the cards cut into the stillness that succeeded each resounding peal of thunder. It was the decisive game. And the hotly fought contest was being repeated in the heart of the woman watching them.

The last throw, and the scales hung evenly balanced, for luck had made up Jack's deficiencies with surprising alacrity in the past few moments. Like race-horses, neck to neck, they prepared for the final heat. It seemed to the woman at the mantel that they had lost sight altogether of the stake for which they were contending, but the smart of the insult still burned deeply and resentfully in her eyes, covering almost for the instant her interest in the outcome of the game. With a sudden gesture Jack threw down the ten-spot of spades to be followed by the queen from the grimy fist of Hawes. With an upward glance into his companion's face he laid the king gently on the board; and, face up, with a resounding slap, Hawes dropped the ace of spades!

Jack looked sheepishly up into Lindy's face. "I lost agin," he said, foolishly.

"I see you did."

There was no feeling in the hard voice that answered him. "An' he's won." She pointed at the other man with one long finger: "He's won me, an' now, I s'pose, I'm his'n."

Hawes rose from the table and looked about him with an embarrassed air.

"Wa-al," he said, awkwardly, "I do 'no's I've got any use fur ye," and he laughed. When the next roll of thunder had bellowed its madness out against the barren hillside she spoke again, defiantly.

"Wa-al—he's lost me, an' I ain't never goin' ter belong ter him agin. He put me up at cards, an' I says as I looked at ye playin', let it go as the game goes. Ef he loses that, he loses me. An'—he lost me. I ain't never agoin' to live with him agin."

A solemn purpose lit her eyes, and for a moment a silence, strained and oppressive, reigned. Then, from somewhere among the warring elements, a long, quivering lance of infernal fury descended, played an instant, bluely, about the open doorway and over the face of the woman, then hissed its way through the very heart of the man who had lost the game!

The terrible crash that followed in the wake of the crawling serpent of flame fell on deaf ears. The man at the table sat as if he had been transfixed by the sword of death, rigid, motionless. And the woman and the other man had fallen forward where they stood, insensible and inert!

But the awful terror of that second, the rush of God knows what emotions through their wildly beating hearts, or the ghastly flame, sulphurous and weird, with which the room was filled, had, all in an instant, blanched their faces, their hair, to a chalk-like whiteness. The blinding flash had mercifully closed their eyes and spared them.

And when the fakir who, with big voice, announces them as one of the greatest attractions of the greatest show on earth, mounts a soap box outside the tent where they are being exhibited, he bawls vociferously, "The only real and genuine blue-eyed albinos in the 'known world! Come in and see this colorless woman—won at a game of cards—and her husband. All for the simple sum of twenty-five cents. Real albinos—with blue eyes!"

And the crowd, ignorant of their story, files curiously in.

## Wants Young Men to Work.

D. B. KIRK, millionaire merchant, and sometimes a philosopher, of New York, was asked, "What do you find the hardest to get out of your young men?" He replied, "A day's work." If Mr. Kirk had lived in the days of Plutarch the answer would have charmed that historian, who loved the quick and the apt.



"SHE SAW HER HUSBAND'S STUPID PLAYING INTO HIS OPPONENT'S HAND, AND WAS SILENT."—Drawn by William Clarke.



## The Drama



MRS. FISKE IN HER NOTABLE ROLE OF "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES," WHICH PLAY SHE IS SOON TO REVIVE AT THE MANHATTAN.—*Saroby.*



ELEANOR ROBSON, THE NEWEST "JULIET."—*McIntosh.*



DOROTHY DONNELLY IN "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE."—*Schloss.*



GRETCHEN LYONS AND MARIE DERRICKSON AS "HOPE LANGHAM" AND "ALICE LANGHAM" IN "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE," AT THE SAVOY.—*Schloss.*



THE STIRRING THIRD ACT OF LEO DITRICHSTEIN'S NEW PLAY, "THE LAST APPEAL," AT WALLACK'S.—*Byron.*



MESSRS. RICHMAN AND COURTENAY AND MISSES ANGLIN AND DALE IN "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST," AT THE EMPIRE.—*Byron.*



"A MODERN MAGDALEN," AT THE BLJOU—THE REFORMER, "JOHN STRONG" (MR. GOTTSCHALK), IS ENTERTAINED BY "KATINKA" (MISS BINGHAM) AND HER FRIENDS.—*Byron.*

LATEST NOVELTIES OF THE DRAMATIC SEASON.  
INTERESTING PRODUCTIONS AND REVIVALS IN THE CLOSING WEEKS OF THE THEATRICAL YEAR.



## Books of the Fantastic and Weird . . . By L. A. Maynard



MR. H. G. WELLS,  
Author of "Anticipations."

and saved himself at the same time from the reputation of being the classic and monumental liar of the ages. Writers of the fantastic and impossible school must, indeed, be up and doing in this Anno Domini to keep their inventions ahead of the actual achievements of Edison, Marconi, and other modern magicians. Could Marco Polo, Jules Verne, Edward Belamy, H. G. Wells, or any other writer of fables and fantasies living or dead, dare to tax the imagination with anything more bold, audacious, and unbelievable, at first sight, than the prophecy recently uttered by a dignified and learned English scientist, reported in the *March Century* in which we are told, apropos of Marconi's discovery, that the time is probably not far distant "when, if a person wanted to call to a friend he knew not where, he would call in a very loud electro-magnetic voice, heard by him who had the electro-magnetic ear, silent to him who had it not? 'Where are you?' he would say. A small reply would come, 'I am at the bottom of a coal mine, or crossing the Andes, or in the middle of the Atlantic.' Or, perhaps, in spite of all the calling, no reply would come, and the person would then know that his friend was dead." Thus are the alleged long-distance conversations of Madame Blavatsky and her theosophic followers to be paled into insignificance by the realities of modern science. And what possibilities does this announcement of the English savant open before separated lovers, or the Enoch Ardens and their faithful Annes, in the romance of the future, provided they have the foresight to possess themselves with electro-magnetic voices and ears! Yet more startling and wonderful are the vistas opened before the imagination in the statements made by Professor A. P. Matthews, in the same number of the *Century*, where we are told that one probable result of recent discoveries made by him as to the nature of nerve impulses will be the indefinite prolongation of human life. "There is apparently no inherent reason," says this authority, "why a man should die except our ignorance of the conditions governing the reaction going on in his protoplasm." In the light of such statements, the mystic queen of Pharaoh's line, whose indescribable and deadly beauty works such havoc in Rider Haggard's African romance, is not such an impossible "she" after all.

AMONG RECENT writers dealing with the grotesque and purely speculative in fiction no one has succeeded as well and achieved as high a place in the literary world as Mr. H. G. Wells, and his latest work, "Anticipations" (Harper & Brothers), is winning merited praise on both sides of the water. In this work, as in his "The First Men in the Moon," Mr. Wells is credited by scientists with extraordinary carefulness and accuracy where he deals with scientific fact. Speaking of the latter work a writer in *Nature* says that Mr. Wells "has made himself master of the little we know about the moon, and thought out the possibilities with the greatest care; and the result is a narrative which we will venture to say is not only as exciting to the average reader as

IF Baron Munchausen had lived in these twentieth-century days, he might easily have written down some tales from real life which would seem quite as improbable and marvelous as any of his own alleged adventures,

Jules Verne's, but is full of interest to the scientific circles is evident from the fact that he was recently invited to lecture before the Royal Institution in London. His first story, "The Time Machine," appeared in London about 1895, and was a success from the start. Several later stories, including "The War of the Worlds," appeared as serials in American periodicals, and it is said, resulted in a large increase in the circulation of these publications. Mr. Wells is about thirty two years of age, and was born at Bromley, in Kent, England, where his education began. He studied science, chiefly zoölogy and geology, at the Royal College of Science, and took the degree of bachelor of science in the University of London, with honors in both of these subjects. Subsequently he became a teacher in a London school, but his health requiring a more sedentary occupation he took to journalism and literature, and therein seems to have found his proper niche in the world.

WRITERS of the class of which we have been speaking generally think it necessary to project their creations into the future one or two centuries ahead of the present age, in order to secure a proper atmosphere and setting for their stories. But why not face the other way, for a change, and locate a story somewhere back in the Jurassic period, for example, among such creatures as are described in Professor Frederick A. Lucas's "Animals of the Past" (McClure, Phillips & Co.)? The writer in this case would be saved the trouble of inventing anything marvelous in the way of animals at least, for the human imagination can hardly conceive anything more astounding and prodigious than the dinosaurs, the zeuglodon, the dyspepsors, and other monsters displayed in Professor Lucas's pages. With such fearful beasts sporting around the landscape, it would surely not be difficult to contrive enough hairbreadth escapes and thrilling situations to satisfy the most insatiable appetite for sensations. We pass this suggestion along to Mr. Wells et al. gratis. As to the exact time when the animals in Professor Lucas's book lived, moved, and had their being, the author makes the frank admission that he cannot tell. It might have been ten million years ago, or it might have been ten times ten million. And when we look upon these awful monsters, anywhere from fifty to three hundred feet long, we are thankful that it is at least a million years ago—so long a time that there is no possible chance of a survivor breaking in on us in this twentieth century and devouring the population of a few townships at one gulp, as we are sure one of these ancient and venerable lizards might easily do. On the other hand, it appears from the narrative of Professor Lucas, that our modern horse is a monster in comparison with his Eocene progenitor, who, we are told, was "a little animal no bigger than a fox," who scampered "over tertiary rocks on five toes." The name applied to this picayune creature was hyracotherium, which makes us grateful again that we live in an age when "horse" is not spelled that way. Professor Lucas is a paleontologist at the National Museum in Washington, and his work is a truly admirable review of the animals of the prehistoric world as they have been disclosed to view through the labors of scientists like

himself. The work is designed for the general reader, and though true and not fanciful, it should satisfy the appetite for the marvelous as well as, or better than any fables, however ingenious these may be.

WHEN IT comes to the portrayal of monstrosities, of creatures of hideous, blood-curdling aspect, we are inclined to the belief that Professor H. G. Seeley's "Dragons of the Air" (D. Appleton & Co.) is several laps ahead, so to speak, of Professor Lucas's volume. The difference is that Professor Lucas's lizards and other things crawled for the most part on the ground, whereas the phamphorhynchuses and other unpronounceables of Professor Seeley's book hurtled around through the atmosphere. A simple glance at them is enough to make us more than thankful to a kind Providence that set us down for existence in this twentieth century rather than two or three millions of years ago. Professor Seeley holds the chair of geology in King's College, London, and is regarded as one of the highest scientific authorities in the world in his specialty. His work is somewhat more technical than that of Professor Lucas, but not too much so to be highly entertaining and helpful to any reader who desires to inform himself as to what modern science has done in the way of reconstructing the creatures of a long buried past.

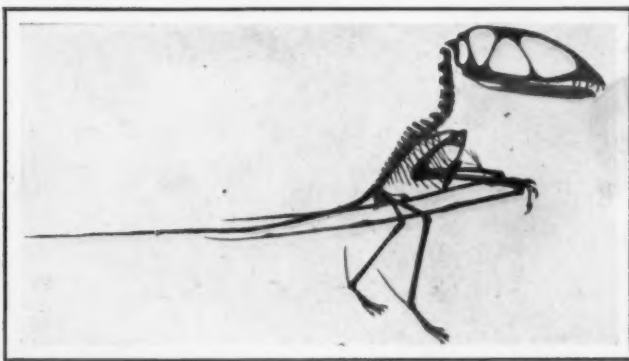
IT IS A realm of marvels stretching far beyond anything the human mind can grasp or conceive into the borderland of which we are introduced by Mr. Garrett P. Serviss in his book, "Other Worlds" (Appleton & Co.), whether or no the "man in the moon" has any neighbors, whether the "canals of Mars" raised as much pother when they were constructed as our isthmian waterway, whether Venus has any atmosphere worth speaking of, and as to the exact size and weight of the rings of Saturn—these and a host of other interrogatories coming within the range of natural and legitimate curiosity—find clear, concise, and intelligent answers in this volume. Mr. Serviss has kept himself in close contact with public thought and feeling as a popular and successful platform lecturer for years past, and he writes, therefore, as one who knows what the people want to hear and how they want to hear it. And while the results of his studies and observations of the heavenly bodies are presented in popular style in this book, Mr. Serviss is none the less careful that scientific accuracy, well established principles, and authoritative knowledge shall mark his work. Those who never studied astronomy will be entertained and instructed by this book, while students of the science will find it valuable and suggestive. In his concluding chapter Mr. Serviss tells how to find the planets, giving such clear and explicit directions, supplemented with charts, that any one may easily trace the course of the stars through the sky without the aid of a telescope or any other instrument.



GARRETT P. SERVISS,  
Who wrote "Other Worlds."



PHORORHACOS, A PATAGONIAN GIANT OF THE MIOCENE AGE. FROM "ANIMALS OF THE PAST."



DIMORPHODON MACRONYX WALKING AS A BIPED. FROM "DRAGONS OF THE AIR."



A GREAT SEA LIZARD. FROM "ANIMALS OF THE PAST."



CYCNOTRAMPUS FRAASI. FROM "DRAGONS OF THE AIR."

### Books Received.

- MELOMANIACS. By James Huneker. 12mo. Pp. viii. 350. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.  
THE CATHEDRAL AND OTHER POEMS. By Martha Gilbert Dickinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.  
THE METHODS OF LADY WALKERHURST. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. 12mo. Illustrated. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.25.  
THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS: A Romance of the White Man's Euden. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. Pp. about 400. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.  
THE BATTLE-GROUND. By Ellen Glasgow. Pp. 400. Illustrated by W. Granville Smith and W. J. Paer. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.  
EMINENT ACTORS AND THEIR HOMES: Personal Description and Interviews. By Marguereta A. Hamm. Illustrated. Small 12mo. New York: James Pott & Co. \$1.25.  
WOLFVILLE DAYS. By Alfred Henry Lewis. 12mo. Illustrated. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.50.  
POLICEMAN FLYNN. By Elliott Flower. Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele. 12mo. Pp. 294. New York: The Century Company. \$1.50.  
THE STRENGTH OF THE WEAK: A Novel. By Chauncey C. Hotchkiss. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.  
THE PRINCIPLES OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION. By Benjamin Kidd. 8vo. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2 net.





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## OPENING OF THE RACING SEASON IN THE EAST.

ENTHUSIASTS OF THE COURSE CROWDED THE STAND ON THE FIRST DAY AT THE AQUEDUCT TRACK.—Dunn.

## In the World of Sports

### HORSE-RACING OPENS IN THE EAST—BASEBALL ENTHUSIASM

ALL INDICATIONS point to the liveliest outdoor season in the history of sport in America. To no special branch is this more applicable than to the sport of kings, horse-racing. The arrangements being made for the trotting circuits give promise of a positive revival of interest in the "side wheelers." The demand for the appearance of animals of the class of The Abbot, Boralma, Lord Derby, and the greatest trotter that ever lived—Cresceus—indicates that the trotters will have a decided inning this year. The decision of the all-powerful Jockey Club, that purses must be increased at all of the tracks in the East, is bound to have a beneficial effect upon the running turf. Larger purses will bring out the better class of horses and will also cause many of the Western horsemen to start for the Atlantic seacoast who would otherwise have remained to compete for the smaller purses in the West. The change will be of vast benefit to the thoroughbred breeding interests of the country, because it makes the earning possibilities of colts and fillies about one-third greater than it has been heretofore. Animals kept in stables because of small purses will now be sent to the post, and larger fields and better class racing is sure to follow. At practically all the tracks this year the no-recall system of starting will be continued. The plan is hard on the veteran animals and slow beginners, but the trainers will have to teach their thoroughbreds new tricks to meet the innovation. Any animal can be taught almost anything, if his handler knows his business, has patience, and goes about it in the right way.

**BASEBALL ENTHUSIASM.**—If anybody thinks that there is not much interest in baseball these days, he should pay a visit to the vacant lots or to a thoroughly equipped sporting-goods house. The records show that more baseballs, bats, mitts and uniforms have been sold this year than ever before. Where one veteran gets disgusted and quits because of lack of interest there are ten youngsters ready to take his place. In all of the universities larger squads have turned out for places on the teams than for several years. In the professional arena all of the leagues and interstate associations are in the field again with the prospects good for the stockholders reaping a handsome profit on the money invested. While baseball is in a way the most uncertain and contrary of sports, it looks as if an epidemic or a cloudburst would be about the only thing capable of preventing the Pittsburg team from winning the championship of the National League. Brooklyn looks the next best. In the American League, Chicago and Boston seem to have the best of it. Princeton thought she had a "cinch" on the college championship, but the team to date has not shown the form expected.

**THE POPULARITY OF PING-PONG.**—The popularity of ping-pong shows that a new game will find plenty of devotees if there is any real merit in it. It was a clever foreigner who patented the name ping-pong and made a fortune for himself and some manufacturers. That is the reason why the American manufacturers continue to call their product "table tennis" when you ask them for a ping-pong set. How the game has spread can be told by the fact that one sporting-goods dealer in New York

City alone has sold within the last three months over \$25,000 worth of ping-pong sets. The prices run from \$2 to \$25. Brooklyn is not expected to set many fashions, but she is ahead in the new species of entertainment. The old-time progressive euchre parties have been superseded by progressive ping-pong parties, in which men, women, and children take part. Prizes are offered, just as they are in the euchre parties. A beauty of the new arrangement is that the ping-pong table is generally set up in either the dining-room or in some other spacious room. Then those who weary of seeing others play can go back to the dancing. When euchre is the game the tables generally take up all the space in the parlors. Small boys have also invented what they call street ping-pong. A chalk line is drawn on the sidewalk and the game is played in that way. The balls cost little and all sorts of home-made racquets are used in those street or sidewalk games. The craze will be of vast benefit to lawn tennis, as it will bring many people into that game who would never have thought about it had not ping-pong arrived in town. Yet some of our best tennis players are clumsy at ping-pong. The latter requires a delicacy of touch which is not absolutely necessary in lawn tennis.

**SPORTING MEN'S SUPERSTITIONS.**—The records will show that sporting men are generally superstitious and that they are always so if they are gamblers. "Major" Taylor, the most remarkable bicycle rider, if all-round work be considered, ever seen on either side of the Atlantic, unlike most other people of his color, believes in the number "13" and always requests that that number be given him by the National Cycling Association. He always gets it because none of the other riders want it. But then, Taylor never bet a cent in his life and it is said that he has never played cards for a wager. When it comes to matches he always says that he will ride, but that somebody else must put up the money. I attended a dinner of the Thirteen Club in New York recently. A well-known musician and leader of a famous band was present at the club where the feast was to be held. Several of the Thirteens knew him and he received cordial invitations to eat and be merry with them. The professor hemmed and hawed for several minutes and then excused himself and hurried from the club. His friend, who knew his fondness for card-playing, laughed loudly and long. Baseball players are notoriously superstitious. A cross-eyed man will cause consternation in a team on its way to the grounds to play an important match. A wagon-load of empty barrels will settle the game for that team for the day. Gamblers on the race-tracks refuse to change a ticket when a mistake has been made in the name of the horse they wanted to bet on. Recently a plunger got a ticket on a horse other than the one he wished to bet on. He went to the bookmaker and wanted the bet changed, but the bookmaker thought the horseman on a "dead one" and refused. The horse won at long odds and his churlishness cost that bookmaker just \$2,000. The late Charles H. Byrne, president of the Brooklyn Baseball Club, always carried a lime in his pocket, believing it had a charm not unlike that the Southern darkey believes exists in a potato carried in the pocket.

**LACROSSE PLAYERS A HARDY LOT.**—The athletes who make up the lacrosse teams are a hardy lot. They can be found out in the open in all kinds of weather as soon as the snow gets off the ground. With the possible exception of football, lacrosse calls for more real fortitude in its players than other sports. Most of the athletic clubs in the East have lacrosse teams in the field this year, and some interesting games have already been played. The colleges and universities, however, are not giving the attention to this robust and spectacular game which the merits of the sport seem to warrant.

GEORGE E. STACKHOUSE.

### What Makes Beef Higher?

Continued from page 418.

mand for beef caused by the prosperity of the people of the United States. The high price of corn has made it necessary for Western cattle feeders to send to the South for cotton-seed meal to feed their stock with. The price of fat cattle on the hoof at the Chicago stock-yards has advanced from 4 to 5 cents a pound to 7 cents. Men who have fine beef cattle to sell can almost get their own prices.

"There is a great demand for cattle, and that means a great demand for beef. The people of the United States are eating more beef now than they ever did before in their history. This is because they are making money and spending it. There are not many families in this country that do not have their steaks and roasts and boiling pieces. The American people are by long odds the best-fed people in the world.

"Under such circumstances it is only natural that the price of beef should advance. Cattle and meat, like all other commodities, have to follow the laws of supply and demand. The men who have cattle to sell naturally want the highest prices they can get. It is the same with the packers and retailers."

The best and most reliable proof of there being no such extortion as has been sensationally charged is readily obtainable by a calculation of the cost of the steer to the buyer and a comparison of this cost with the price at which it is sold to the butcher. Such a calculation and such comparison demonstrate beyond the possibility of contradiction that no packer to-day, nor at any time since the recent advance in livestock, has charged or obtained for dressed beef a price equivalent to the advance that has been realized by the cattle-raiser. This statement is absolutely true and should be a sufficient answer to the sensational charges that have appeared of late.

This whole agitation is based either upon ignorance of the actual market situation or a willful misrepresentation of facts that could have been, and are now, readily and easily obtainable. Data for correct conclusions are accessible to all, not only from dealers in both cattle and beef, but also from the official statistics of the Federal government and of all organized livestock centres.

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### A Good Milk

for infant-feeding is a mixed Cow's milk, from herds of native breeds. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk herds are properly housed, scientifically fed, and are constantly under trained inspection. Avoid unknown brands.



## Hints to Money-makers

NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests. Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, at regular subscription rates, namely, \$4 per annum, are placed on a preferred list, which entitles them, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. Address "Jasper," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

COMMENT HAS been heard on this side of the Atlantic on the gloomy forebodings concerning economic conditions in the United States that recently appeared in a leading Vienna newspaper. This paper said that the United States was standing upon the threshold of an economic and financial crisis; that while conditions were outwardly flourishing, yet the situation

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with us was analogous to that of Germany before the recent financial crash. The Vienna paper predicts that when the impending commercial collapse comes in the United States we will, in the interests of self-preservation, dump our surplus goods on the European markets, and thus disturb the entire economic life of Germany to an extent never before realized.

A New York newspaper says that this prediction is preposterous. It points to the general prosperity of our railroads, our manufacturers, and our farmers. But I have before me the official statistics from Washington of our foreign commerce, which show that, as the result of the drought of last year, our exports of corn have shrunk to about one-fifth of what they have averaged during the last four years, and of oats and oatmeal to about one-half. A reduction of \$59,000,000 in exports and an increase of \$79,000,000 in imports during the nine months ending with March last, as compared with the corresponding period of the preceding year, indicates the drift of things. It certainly does not show that we are as prosperous as we were a year ago. If, on top of this, the crop outlook should grow worse (that for wheat is certainly not very good at present), what hope would there be for the bulls in the stock market? We are told that the supply of floating shares of some of the leading stocks is very small. This is bosh. During the past year millions of new issues of stocks and bonds have glutted the market. The United States Steel concern alone is responsible for half a billion of bonds and three-quarters of a billion of stock. All sorts of new-fangled industrial have been floated or are trying to float, and all the great railroad systems, the Vanderbilts and the Pennsylvania included, are generously ordering the highest-priced products of the engraver's art for distribution, in the shape of new securities, to a confiding and expectant public.

"Melons" of various dimensions are promised to be cut, but it will be observed that such companies as the General Electric, and others that I might mention, do not distribute their alleged large surpluses in the shape of cash, but always in the shape of stock, and generally offer certain "rights," which must be taken for cash. This melon-cutting business sounds very well, but would it not be the part of wisdom for corporations that have so much money on hand that they don't know what to do with it, to give a few cash prizes to their lucky shareholders, instead of incurring new liabilities upon which interest and dividend charges will stand in bad, the same as in good, years?

The market is full of soft spots and weak places. Bulls may rush in where angels fear to tread, and, with enormous resources behind them, may take up one stock after another and finally lift them all to an abnormal level. But I doubt it. This sort of desultory plunging may possibly freshly awaken a speculative spirit among the people, but the fact remains that stocks, as a whole, are selling considerably higher than they were a year ago, and that the position of the banks is not nearly as strong as it was then. Some fine day the lenders of money will begin to call in their loans. This may happen unexpectedly, in the very height of a bustling boom. Then the sky-rocket will begin to drop and everybody will stand from under.

I see nothing in sight upon which to predicate an extensive bull movement. There are plenty of opportunities, no doubt, for inside combinations to advance their specialties, and those who jump aboard at the right time may land safely, but the bulk of the profits will be made by the insiders, who know when the movement is to begin and when it is to end, and who have the outside public, therefore, at a decided disadvantage. The only thing the conservative operator can do is to keep close watch of earnings, of business conditions, and of good and bad signs on the financial horizon. The man who fails to do this is at the mercy of the operators, great and small, and had better keep entirely out of Wall Street.

Of one thing there is no doubt, namely, that in certain lines of trade business is not swimming along as well as it was a year ago. It is also a fact that the banks have greatly extended their loans, that many trust companies are loaded with securities which have yet to establish their merit,

and that the whole financial fabric is feeling the heavy burdens placed upon it during the past three years. It must be remembered that it is the unexpected that always happens. Mr. Gates may catch Mr. Belmont in a corner and take his Louisville and Nashville away from him, but some other day Mr. Belmont, or some one else, may catch Mr. Gates when he is napping, or may find him staggering under too heavy a load and trip him up. This is the story of Wall Street, repeated again and again. Nothing succeeds like success, but nothing fails like failure, and the currents of Wall Street are strewn with the wrecks of men whom temporary success elevated to conspicuous places in the public eye, but who were subsequently swept away by disasters so complete and overwhelming that the names and achievements of the lost are not even remembered. The saddest thing about it all is that this list includes the names of some who well deserved to be remembered.

"Cecil," Baltimore: Thank you.  
"C. S. J.," Brooklyn: Reasonably good.  
"D.," St. Louis: I do not believe in either.  
"E.," Hiawatha, Kan.: Subscription received. You are on my preferred list.  
"B.," Indian Territory: I never heard of it. It must be a local company.  
"B. M.," Toronto: You are on the preferred mail. Advise me if there is delay in the receipt of your paper hereafter.  
"A. B. C.," Omaha, Neb.: Have written regarding the promotion of your enterprise. You will receive a personal letter.  
"W.," Goshen, Conn.: It is purely a speculation. If oil is struck the shares will have value. If not, they will be waste paper.  
"G.," New York: You are not on my preferred list unless you are a subscriber, at full rates, at the home office. It ought to be worth it.  
"B.," Allentown, N. J.: (1) Yes. (2) Douglas, Lacey & Co. are members of the Consolidated Exchange, and have agencies in all the principal cities.  
"F. B.," Utica, N. Y.: If the statement of the officials of the American Ice Company is reliable, the preferred is cheap at prevailing prices.  
Inquiry regarding New York City Bank and Trust Company's stocks is unsigned and undated. Anonymous communications are not answered.  
"F.," Warsaw, Ind.: As between the Seaboard Air-Line Collateral Trust 5s, at 104 1-2, and Monon preferred, around 80, I would rather have the latter.

"J. L. C.," St. Louis: I do not think that Mr. Keene or any other man, Morgan included, can maintain prices at the present level during the rest of the year.

"F. C. O.," Chicago: I do not regard any of the industrial common stocks, American Can and U. S. Steel included, as an investment. Both are highly speculative.

"G.," Shelbyville, Ill.: The report was promised, but was not sent me. (2) I do not recommend it. (3) No. (4) The meaning is not clear and I do not like the proposition.

"W. L. W.," Cumberland, Md.: I am unable to obtain information on which to base judgment regarding the National Oil Company's stock. No report is available. No stamp.

"S.," Washington, D. C.: The Preferred Stock Cigar Company gives shares of stock to the purchasers of their cigars. If the weeds are good, therefore, you get the shares as a gift.

"B.," Kansas City, Mo.: Cannot undertake to wire you, unless in response to a request for an immediate answer. Obviously, it would be impossible for me to do otherwise, with all the demands made upon my time.

"H.," Detroit: The preposterous offer which "The Investment Banking Company" makes to you should sufficiently indicate its character. Any man can offer "guarantees," but who knows whether he will be able to keep them?

"G.," Dayton, O.: The official announcement that the N. Y., Ont. and Western proposes to spend about a million and a half out of its earnings during the next three years, for the improvement of the property, ought to be helpful rather than harmful to the stock. I would not sacrifice my shares.

"E.," Decatur, Ill.: (1) No. Leave them alone. (2) W. E. Woodend, at 35 Broadway, is a member of the Consolidated Exchange, doing an increasing business. (3) J. L. McLean & Co. are prominent members of the Consolidated Exchange, and have numerous branches throughout the United States. (4) Not rated.

"Inquirer," Rochester, N. Y.: A very interesting publication, illustrating the daily fluctuations in stocks, bonds, grain, provisions, cotton, coffee, iron, and steel, will be sent you without charge, by W. E. Woodend & Co., bankers and brokers, 25 Broad Street, New York, if you will mention LESLIE'S WEEKLY and inclose a two-cent stamp.

"G.," Fiskeville, R. I.: (1) The United States Steel bonds and the United States Rubber bonds cannot be regarded as permanent first-class investments. For the present they are reasonably safe. (2) It looks as if Missouri Pacific was well established as a dividend-payer and it would not surprise me if it should sell higher. (3) Southern Railway common is too speculative for me to commend.

"Inquirer," Charleston, S. C.: A very excellent little publication, giving condensed figures, from the latest annual reports of the principal railway and industrial companies in the United States, is compiled by H. Amy & Co., 44 Wall Street, New York, members of the N. Y. Stock Exchange. It is copyrighted, but will be sent, without charge, to interested readers of this department, if they will mention LESLIE'S WEEKLY and inclose a two-cent stamp.

"A.," Kalamazoo, Mich.: (1) It is said that a dividend of 4 per cent. on Reading may be paid in a lump next September. The second preferred is a better investment than the common, but the latter has greater speculative merit. (2) There is a possibility that some great local combination may some day take in the Brooklyn Rapid Transit and all the gas and electric light companies of Brooklyn, and I have heard rumors of a similar combination of all such corporations in the greater New York. The insiders are the only ones who know about such things, and they usually reap the first and greatest advantages from them.

"Cheap," Mobile, Ala.: The cheapness of the oil and mining shares to which you refer is certainly not a good quality. Plenty of oil stocks are for sale in San Francisco at a cent and upward a share, but they are not worth the paper on which they are written. (2) The Pressed Steel Car Company was officially restrained in carrying out its plan to purchase the property of McCord Brothers, near Chicago, on proceedings brought by stockholders, alleging that the McCord plant was non-paying, and that its purchase would be an unlawful diversion of the funds of the Pressed Steel Car Company. (3) The report has been repeatedly heard that the Steel Trust is maintaining the high prices of iron and steel at home, making large purchases of these commodities abroad, and thus preventing the shipment of the surplus products of foreign factories to the United States.

"X. Y. Z.," Great Neck, L. I.: Only regular subscribers at the home office, at full rates, are entitled to a place on my preferred list; \$1 for a quarterly subscription will give you preference during three months. (2) American Bicycle common and Standard Rope and Twine are among the poorest of the speculatives. They have little earning power behind them and, as the market stands, I would rather have American Ice common. It has paid numerous dividends and is selling at about its lowest figures. (2) The Pennsylvania rights carry with them the right to subscribe for shares of the stock, now selling at about 150. You would hardly want to carry these rights, in my judgment.

"S.," Salem, Ohio: Draft received. You are on the preferred list. The American Elevated Railroad Co. is a new project. It proposes to improve the passenger service of existing railroads by building elevated structures over their roadbeds. It claims that it can run express and passenger trains with safety at 200 miles an hour. This is preposterous. It is quite impossible to obtain reliable information regarding it, and as I do not believe in anything that has not a record of merit open to public inspection, I cannot recommend the purchase of the stock, though the inside clique may give it a fictitious value by wash sales. (2) I am not favorably impressed by either of the mining propositions.

"W. J. J.," Merriam Park, Minn.: (1) The Industrial Savings and Loan Company has some good men on its board of directors, and its last statement made a creditable showing. All such companies depend for success on the conservatism and enterprise of their management. (2) Chicago and Great Western has had a good rise, but is an active and speculative stock, and a good one to trade in if bought on reactions. (3) Dougherty & Albers do a very large business and, I understand, have been quite successful in selling the stock of the Standard Lead and Smelting Company. (4) On reactions, I think you might speculate profitably in Toledo, St. Louis and Western, Monon common, Texas Pacific, and Corn Products and Ice common. (5) No.

"T. M.," Cincinnati: Subscription received and you are on the preferred list. (1) The president believes it has touched bottom. (2) The executive committee acts at its pleasure, each quarter. (3) It has been discounted. (4) I do not believe the unpaid cumulative dividends of Leather preferred will ever be paid in full. The proposition is discussed of giving a five-per-cent. bond in return for the preferred, and with an understanding that the arrearages shall be waived. If some such plan were adopted, Leather common might become an active speculative stock again. (5) Tin Can common represents nothing but water and no report of the earnings is available. It looks like a cheap speculation around 14. (6) I think well of Toledo, St. Louis and Western preferred and Kansas City Southern preferred. (7) Cast Iron Pipe preferred has speculative value, no doubt, but I am not advising the purchase of iron or steel shares.

Continued on opposite page.

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374 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., for proofs of cures. Capital \$500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. 100-page Book Free

## Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from preceding page.

"S." Washington, D. C.: They have no rating. "W." New York: I think well of Union Pacific common for speculation and of the preferred for investment, but am averse to advising the purchase of anything at the present high range of prices.

"A. M." Oakdale, L. I.: While I do not believe in United States Steel common, still, I hesitate to advise its sacrifice until the outcome of the new bond issue is more clearly foreshadowed. An effort to advance the stock may precede the bond issue.

"F." Watertown, N. Y.: Subscription received and you are on my preferred list. It is not improbable that before the new bonding scheme of the United States Steel Corporation is put through, a rise, especially in the preferred shares, may be engineered.

"Investor." Elmira, N. Y.: A cheap bond, with the possibility of higher value, is the Peoria and Eastern four per cent. income, selling at this writing at less than 80, and thus netting five per cent. Many investors regard this bond with considerable favor, in view of its earnings and its relations to the Vanderbilt system.

"Gates." Brooklyn: Both Tennessee and British Columbia Copper have declined seriously from the high prices that prevailed in the midst of the Copper boom. The situation of the Copper market is not altogether favorable, and I would be inclined to sell my Copper shares whenever a good opportunity presented. No stamp.

"J. L. M." Chicago, Ill.: Neither of the concerns is rated by the mercantile agencies. (2) Leather preferred is a fair industrial investment. The common is highly speculative. As I have said in this column before, the proposed retirement of the preferred may make the common active, although the latter represents only water.

"Dean." La Porte, Ind.: If the Cleage Commission Company can make money for others on any "sure things" in corn, why should it not make it for itself? It is not surprising that operators of this character make profits from time to time. The question is, How long will the profits continue? I do not believe in this sort of speculation.

"S." Pittsburg, Penn.: You buy and sell stocks just the same as you trade in any other commodity, from real estate to eggs and butter. You buy when you think stocks are cheap and you sell whenever you have a profit. That is all there is about the business, excepting that you must post yourself concerning properties that offer their shares for sale and make up your mind as to which are cheap and which are dear. No stamp inclosed.

"A. S. A." New York: (1) I have been unable to obtain its report. (2) The Tidewater Canal Co. has a capital of \$2,500,000 and claims to own thirty-eight square miles of coal lands in New Brunswick. It looks highly speculative. (3) I have frequently given my opinion of both Brooklyn Rapid Transit and Manhattan Elevated. The latter is safer. (4) A profit in such a market is always a good thing to take, but there are indications that, at a favorable time, Tennessee Coal and Iron may be taken in hand for an advance.

"F." Parkersburg, Ia.: (1) Address "Jasper," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. You can purchase through any broker. Several advertise in LESLIE'S WEEKLY. (2) Yes. (3) You will have to send a check for the amount of your order or for a sufficient margin. (4) Manhattan Elevated is regarded as a good speculative stock with an investment quality. (5) Any name you choose. (6) United States Steel is highly speculative. You are safer in buying the preferred.

"Economy." Bangor, Me.: The Lake Shore Collateral Gold 3 1/2 per cent. bonds, yielding at present prices a little over 3 1/2 per cent., are abundantly secured and also have the guarantee of the New York Central behind them. They are therefore worth par, or ought to be, though that is about five points higher than the market, at this writing. (2) Your confidence is J. P. Morgan's abilities is justified by the commendable results of his railroad reorganization schemes, after the demoralization in 1893, but he then recapitalized the bankrupt railroads on the basis of a very poor business situation. The past year he has been capitalizing the iron and steel industries and the Pacific Railway properties on the basis of their highest earnings. What will the harvest be when bad times supervene, as they inevitably must?

"K." Richmond, Va.: I have no doubt that the purchasers of the new British consols will make a profit, but this is a business for a big dealer and not for a small operator to engage in. (2) The reduction in the dividend on Amalgamated Copper to one-half of one per cent. puts it apparently on a two per cent. basis, but I would not sacrifice my shares. It would be better, if they declined seriously, to even up the cost by purchases on the decline. (3) The statement that German investors made \$15,000,000 by selling their Northern Pacific on the boom prices of the May panic last year shows that foreign markets, after all, are not so bare of American stocks as some writers have thought.

Continued on page 432.

## Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable.]

NOT A week passes that we do not hear of trouble of some kind in a fraternal assessment insurance association. But who ever hears, nowadays, of financial trouble in any of the old-line concerns? Dispatches from Savannah, Ga., report the appointment of a receiver for the mutual insurance association known as "The Anvil," of that city. Not long ago the organization of Assemblies of the Anvil, which was heralded as "a twentieth-century movement," was the popular thing in many parts of Georgia. Agents were sent through the state to tell the people that the old-line companies were needlessly charging large amounts to maintain a reserve on policies, while the members of the Anvil were only required to put up enough money in assessments to pay the death losses as they occurred. The difference between the low cost of insurance in the Anvil and the old-line companies was constantly dwelt upon, but the Anvils are bankrupt and the old-line companies are continuing to do business. When will the public learn that cheap insurance of the assessment, fraternal variety is, in the end, always the dearest?

"O." New Haven, Conn.: The Penn Mutual is an old and well-established company, though by no means among the largest.

"E. W. W." Cambridgeport, Mass.: The New York Life, the Equitable, the Mutual Life, the Prudential, and the Provident Savings.

"W." Holdrege, Neb.: I do not regard it as one of the strongest companies, but it is doing a good business and has a fair reputation.

"H. S. J." San Antonio, Texas: I find no such company in Philadelphia. There is one of that name in New York. Anonymous communications are not answered.

"R." Scranton, Penn.: I certainly do not like the clause you speak of and do not believe that the other companies will be obliged to adopt it. That is ridiculous. The great companies are all becoming more liberal, rather than more restrictive.

"U." Chicago: If the policy is intended for the benefit of your family, without any investment quality for yourself, I would advise a simple, inexpensive, straight life in any one of the greatest companies.

"C. H. D." Butler, Penn.: (1) I like the endorsement better. (2) Either is good. (3) If your friend is insurable in a strong, reliable company, I think he had better settle with the questionable institution and start over anew with a concern regarding the standing of which there can be no doubt.

"C." Evansville, Ind.: The Union Central Life of Cincinnati was organized in 1867 and showed a large excess of income over disbursements last year. Its expenses of management last year were \$1,350,000 and the premiums received something over \$5,000,000. It is not one of the largest companies.

"K. A. P." Chicago: The Northwestern Life and Savings Co., with its home office at Des Moines, Iowa, was organized in 1896, and therefore has not had a very long experience. It has the indorsement of some prominent citizens of Iowa and is officered by men of excellent standing. It has a plan that, on its face, reads well, but everything, of course, depends upon the conservative conduct of its affairs. I should prefer a company with longer experience.

*The Hermit.*

Hot Springs, N. C.

IN THE "LAND OF THE SKY."

REACHED in twenty-four hours from New York in through Pullman Drawing-room sleeping cars via Southern Railway. A place where rest and recreation can be most happily combined. The climate and baths are especially applicable for nervous

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The healing power of this preparation is wonderful. It will clear the complexion of every blemish. ON SALE AT ALL DRY GOODS STORES AND DRUGGISTS.

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With an average mean temperature of 59°, there is perfect freedom from torrid heat and the terrors of winter's grasp. Her skies rival in their azure tints those of Italy, and there is a vitality and tonic in the atmosphere which makes an instant impression on the visitor. It is a region more charmingly beautiful than Switzerland. Here range after range of heavily-forested mountains parallel each other like waves of the sea, where interlacing valleys are rich with verdure and flowers, and where silver streams murmur unceasingly.

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## Mammoth Cave

One of America's greatest wonders is located in Edmonson County, Kentucky, 90 miles south of Louisville. This Company has just issued a very interesting booklet of 32 pages descriptive of the Cave. This booklet is well illustrated with many fine half-tone cuts, is printed on enameled book paper and design on cover is in three colors and very attractive. If you want a copy send 10 cents in silver or stamps to

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## Canton's Great Fire.

THE CITY and district of Canton, China, have recently been the scene of two most disastrous conflagrations. Just at the commencement of the Chinese New Year celebration a fire started in the very heart of the old walled city, in the part where the most valuable business interests and finest native buildings are situated. The fire is said to have started in one of the most usual ways—the overturning of a lamp—and once a lamp is overturned in Canton, there is no knowing where the trouble will end. The streets are but seven feet wide, and there is absolutely no system whatever for suppressing an outbreak of fire. A strong breeze was blowing at the time, and the flames spread from house to house, and street to street, until it almost seemed that the whole city must be gutted. Fortunately, however, the wind died out or such might have been the case. All day the fire raged and not till evening did it finally burn itself out, when nearly 400 of the best buildings lay in ruins, with many lives blotted out beneath them, the total loss being estimated at about a million and a half taels, more than a million dollars.

When one looks at the ruins it is impossible to conceive how it ever stopped in the midst of such a mass of inflammable material; and the fact that it did so was largely due to the efforts of the American consul—the Hon. Robert M. McWade—who organized an impromptu fire brigade out of the panic-stricken Chinese, and was instrumental in saving the lives of hundreds of human beings who, but for their alertness, must inevitably have perished. On the other side of the Chu Kiang or Pearl River, immediately opposite Canton, is the city of Honam, and a few days before the Canton outbreak, a fire also started there. This, however, proved a much more serious affair. Seven hundred buildings were gutted and a loss of more than two million dollars was the result. Mr. McWade also did splendid service at this fire, but notwithstanding his efforts over a hundred lives were lost, as in the confusion many of the street gates were locked in a supposed effort by the terrified natives to stay the flames, the only result, however, being that scores of people perished like rats in a hole.

New Year time in China is always fruitful of fires. It is the Chinese custom that all debts must be liquidated by the end of the year. Failure to do so means utter ruin of one's credit. It frequently happens that a Chinaman, seeing disgrace staring him in the face, will set fire to his house and thus plead to his creditors, "How could I pay? The gods have destroyed my home. Ask the gods for the money." In this way, if not detected, honor is saved and credit unimpaired. It is not generally known that Canton is a practically covered city. Over the narrow streets (through which two chairs or palanquins can only just pass abreast), from house to house, are stretched bamboo or matting screens to shield the street below from the sun. Therefore when looking on to Canton from any eminence, scarcely any sign of life is visible; only an endless view of roofs, as far as the eye can reach, from under which comes up a ceaseless hum from the uncounted thousands that throng the narrow alleys below. Every street in the city is an open sewer—there is no sewerage system; and across the top of these sewers granite flagstones are laid transversely, on which the pitter of feet goes on night and day. No wheeled vehicle ever rolls over them, and only once, perhaps, in a whole day will one see a pony. Underneath these flagstones the tide from the Pearl River circulates: thus the great crowded city is flushed and cleansed of its filth twice every twenty-four hours, and is enabled to boast a health record ahead of many a city in the western hemisphere.—H. G. PONTING, Special Correspondent for LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

## Snow as a Purifier of the Air.

IT HAS long been a familiar fact of meteorological science that snow and rain help to clear the air of impurities, besides performing other useful offices in the economy of nature. But it has remained for a scientific health commissioner in Chicago, the quarter whence so many valuable discoveries are now coming, to demonstrate in figures just how many deadly microbes are gathered from the atmosphere by a fall of snow. He did it by testing the purity of the air in the city just before a snow-storm and immediately afterward. For example, on a certain day his tests showed an average of 630 colonies of growing germs in the atmosphere—the greatest number, 1,050; the least, 350. Snow then fell to the equivalent of 1.28 of an inch of rain, and the experiment was repeated. The average colonies from these latter exposures numbered 66, ranging from 19 to 180. The atmosphere was therefore shown to be nearly 90 per cent. purer after the snowfall than it was before. According to Emerson's inexorable law of compensation, we suppose that this grain of knowledge will be made up by a loss of some benefit we have hitherto enjoyed. If that loss proves to be an increased laxity in the street-cleaning departments of our cities, it might have been better for us if the Chicago scientist had kept his discovery to himself.

**Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for your cough, or cold on chest or lungs.** It is truly a wonderful medicine. No other remedy has made so many remarkable cures. Price 25c.

**Advice to Mothers:** MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

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PURITY is not often found in the preparation of Champagnes. Cook's Imperial Extra Dry is an exception.

We have been for a number of years personally familiar with the Sohmer Piano, and believe it has no superior in those excellent qualities which make a perfect instrument. It is to be especially praised for its volume, richness and carrying powers. No person can hear it played without being convinced of its superiority.

## Something New in Rugs.

EXQUISITE DESIGNS MADE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THIS FIRM FROM INDIAN LOOMS.

The desire for exclusive ownership of a thing is a quality predominant in almost every one. There is a certain sense of keen pleasure in the knowledge that one possesses something that cannot or will not be exactly reproduced. Especially does this apply to rugs and other pretty furnishings of the house.


Realizing this, Arnold, Constable & Co. have established their own looms in the Punjab, and so are prepared to turn out the sought-after India rugs in an endless variety of exclusive designs.

These rugs are designed in this country by competent artists, exclusively for Arnold, Constable & Co. The intricate designs of each new rug are sketched on a piece of cardboard about half the size of a sheet of newspaper. This draft is then painted in water color—the greatest care being exercised to attain the richest tones and the most harmonious blending of colors, and the fidelity with which these colors are reproduced in the finished rugs is little short of wonderful.

Turkish rugs are much in favor this year—why, one can best understand after seeing the rich low-toned Yapraks that Arnold, Constable & Co. are now showing. The rugs are in soft greens, reds and blues, all low-toned, and form an excellent foundation for the interior decorator to build his color scheme from. These rugs are "restful," rather obtrusively attractive, and give one a sense of ease and quiet—just the rug for a library.

While the rug department is one of the most interesting in this great store, it is matched by the line of carpets, which comprehends the weaves and fabrics of all nations and lands.

**1400 Acres "A Lake of Oil."** 1400 Acres  
Mail Draft for \$50 to NEWELL & NEWELL, Fiscal Agents, Denver, securing 25 shares BERTHOUD OIL Preferred and \$50 Gold Bond, securing return of investment in full. Common Stock, \$10—100 shares. All stock full paid and non-assessable. All stock participates alike in dividends.



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Ten strike  
every time—  
**PRESIDENT  
SUSPENDERS**

The bend of the bowler is one of the severest tests for a suspender. With the President you can twist and turn any way you want. Every pair guaranteed. See that "President" is on the buckle. Trimmings cannot rust. New model now ready for men of heavy work; also small size for youths.

If you cannot secure them from your local dealer, order direct. We mail them, postage paid, on receipt of price—50 cents. Specify what kind you prefer—wide or narrow, light or dark pattern.

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 225 Shirley, Mass.

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FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE

**Simplicity Economy Reliability** Characterize the **STEARNS' CARRIAGES**—the product of highly skilled designers and workmen. Built more substantially than the lighter types and without the ponderous appearance of the road machines of the day.



MODEL F: SURREY

9 Models. Illustrated Catalog on application.  
**STEARNS STEAM CARRIAGE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.**  
Mention LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

**Plastigmat f 6-8**  
The Perfect Photo Lens



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make an ideal combination for any camera. Can be had on any make of camera or will improve the camera you now have. Send for new booklets about shutters and lenses.

**Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.**  
NEW YORK Rochester, N. Y. CHICAGO

## EAT COOK'S FLAKED RICE

**DON'T COOK.**


1. Pour the dry flakes from the package into a colander.
2. Put a liberal amount of salt into a little boiling water.
3. Pour the boiling salted water on the rice, through the colander.
4. Drain, shake slightly, and turn out on a hot dish; serve with sugar and milk. That is all—and the rice is perfectly prepared in less than a minute.



Put in colander



Salt the water



Pour water through

**FOR BABY TOO.**  
NEW BORN INFANTS—One cup of Cook's Flaked Rice, one quart water, boil ten minutes, add a pint of milk, pinch of salt, and a very little sugar, and strain.

**THREE MONTHS OLD CHILD—**  
Use double the quantity of Cook's Flaked Rice (two cups) and do not strain.

**Empty into dish**

**COOK'S FLAKED RICE CO.,**  
1 Union Square, New York.

**ROYAL L. LEGRAND** THE LATEST SUCCESS OF THE ORIZA-PERFUMERY (Grand Prix Paris 1900)



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**Walter Baker's**  
**BREAKFAST**  
**COCOA**



The **FINEST COCOA** in the World  
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup  
Thirty-Eight Highest Awards in  
Europe and America.

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Established 1780      **Dorchester, Mass.**

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**THE LANGHAM** Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

## A Woman's Increasing Influence

REFRESHING testimony to the value of woman's influence in civic and political affairs comes in the shape of a letter which General Bell, commander of our forces on the island of Luzon in the Philippines, has addressed to Adjutant-General Corbin at Washington. The testimony is not only refreshing, but valuable, since it does not come from a sentimentalist or a woman's rights doctrinaire, but from a hard-headed, veteran soldier who speaks the truth clearly as he sees it.

In the letter referred to, General Bell declares himself a strong believer in permitting the wives of American officers on duty in the Philippines to join their husbands, asserting that the women exert a most potent influence in our political purposes with regard to the islands. He says that in his old volunteer regiment, the Thirty-sixth Infantry, there were twelve young women, wives of officers. He encouraged them to go with their husbands to the towns the latter were commanding, and the people soon became so devoted to them that when the time came to depart for the United States, the natives, irrespective of age or sex, wept like children. American women, General Bell explains, exert their influence through the Filipino women, and the latter have more influence on public opinion than the men of the islands. If the War Department at Washington does not act upon the hint thus given by General Bell and allow not only our officers but the boys in the ranks to take their wives and sweethearts along with them over sea, a great opportunity will certainly be missed to hasten peace and happiness in our island possessions.

Other new and excellent testimony to the growing influence of women in matters of state, comes in a recent report of the secretary of the New York League for Social Science. According to this gentleman, who has just made a long tour throughout the United States in the interest of social betterment, he found the greatest interest and readiest aid among the women of the country. The subject appeals to

women more than to men on the sentimental side, he says. They become interested, converted, and then give their husbands and brothers no peace until some practical sympathy is shown by them in the newer and more altruistic ways of doing business and conducting industry. This is true of the South especially, where women have always been potent in politics and are now turning their attention to social policies.

All this is encouraging in the highest degree to every lover of humanity because it shows that woman's influence is extending into spheres of life and thought where it is most needed, and where most effective service can be rendered for the general advancement of human happiness.

### A New Recipe Book.

WALTER BAKER & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., the oldest and largest manufacturers of Cocoa and Chocolate preparations, are about to issue a new and greatly enlarged edition of their booklet of CHOICE RECIPES, prepared by Miss Parloa and other noted teachers of cooking. It is a very attractive publication of eighty pages, illustrated with half-tones and colored lithographs, and contains the most complete collection ever made of recipes in which Cocoa or Chocolate is used for eating and drinking. Nearly every State in the Union is represented in the collection. Vassar College and Smith College contribute their famous recipes for making FUDGE. A copy of the book will be sent free by mail to any applicant in the United States or Canada. Address, mentioning this paper, Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

### Mexico's Love for Diaz.

NO RULER of a modern nation is more beloved by his people than President Diaz of Mexico. Whenever he appears in popular assemblies the cry is heard: "Viva nuestro tata!" (Long live our father!) Tata is at once as affectionate as "daddy," yet reverent. The Indians use it for God.

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**Portland, Maine**  
to  
**Portland, Oregon**



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**BALTIMORE**  
**Rye**

Is the best  
known whiskey.

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The First Sought  
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## Can you Solve These Puzzles? It's Worth Trying!

"Judge," which is for sale at all booksellers' at 10 cents, publishes each week a series of interesting and instructive picture problems. Those shown below are just issued. Buy a copy of next week's "Judge" and note how fascinating the picture-puzzle competition is.

4th Contest  
SERIES 1

**JUDGE'S PUZZLE PICTURES**

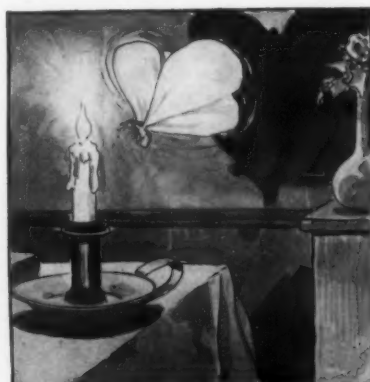
**\$250 00**  
WILL BE PAID



1.....



2.....



3.....



4.....



5.....



6.....

**READ THESE**  
**DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY**  
answers as you please, providing you use a separate JUDGE puzzle sheet each time—no more than one solution of each picture can be given on any one sheet without causing confusion. You need not send a second set of solutions to the whole twenty-four puzzles in order to change your answer to any one or more of the puzzles; in other words, if in your opinion one or more of the pictures will bear different constructions, and you desire to submit each of these constructions as a part of your complete set of solutions, you can do so by using another sheet containing the particular picture or pictures in question. Thus sending two copies, say, of that sheet and one of each of the remaining sheets comprising the whole series, all pinned together in the upper left-hand corner, as required above. Be sure that you fully prepay postage in sending in solutions.

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Write the solution underneath each picture, cut out sheet (holding it until the fourth and last series of puzzles is published in JUDGE No. 1075) and write your name and address plainly on the bottom thereof; then mail all four sheets pinned together in the upper left-hand corner, to the "JUDGE PRIZE PUZZLE DEPT., 110 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK." in time to reach this office not later than one week from day of publication of JUDGE No. 1075. All solutions arriving later will be disqualified. You can send in as many JUDGE puzzle sheet each time—no more than one solution of each picture can be given on any one sheet without causing confusion. You need not send a second set of solutions to the whole twenty-four puzzles in order to change your answer to any one or more of the puzzles; in other words, if in your opinion one or more of the pictures will bear different constructions, and you desire to submit each of these constructions as a part of your complete set of solutions, you can do so by using another sheet containing the particular picture or pictures in question. Thus sending two copies, say, of that sheet and one of each of the remaining sheets comprising the whole series, all pinned together in the upper left-hand corner, as required above. Be sure that you fully prepay postage in sending in solutions.

**H**ERE are six pictures. Each indicates the name of a well-known ACTOR. You will see that No. 1 is Hopper; and you will also see from this how to work out the others. We have \$250 to give to the ten most successful of our readers who solve these six illustrations and eighteen (18) others, which will appear in the next three issues of JUDGE. This puzzle competition is not inaugurated for the purpose of securing subscriptions to JUDGE, neither is it confined to JUDGE'S subscribers; it is open to everybody, whether he or she is a subscriber or not. The Puzzle Department is for the sole purpose of affording amusement and instruction to all of JUDGE'S friends. The essential features which will be considered by us in making the rewards, in conjunction with the correctness of the answers, will be the celerity and the general neatness with which the solutions are sent in to us.

### A Total of \$250

TO BE PAID TO TEN PEOPLE

1st Reward of Merit		a check for	\$125
2d	"	"	30
3d	"	"	25
4th	"	"	20
5th	"	"	15
6th	"	"	10
7th	"	"	10
8th	"	"	5
9th	"	"	5
10th	"	"	5



## Better Pay for Public Officials

MEASURES DESIGNED to secure an increase of pay for officials of the Federal government, such as Senator Hoar's bill increasing the salaries of Federal judges by twenty-five per cent. and that section of Senator Lodge's consular bill providing for a substantial increase in the salaries of our ambassadors and consular representatives, have every argument of justice and reason in their favor. While we may, as a nation, be open to the charge of extravagance and wastefulness in some directions, such, for example, as in the enormous sums appropriated for public buildings and river and harbor improvements, and of extreme liberality in other ways, as in the case of pensions, we are close to the line of absolute niggardliness in the pay generally allowed to public officials, more especially those of the Federal service.

While the cost of living has increased immensely in the past forty years, and wages and salaries as a general rule have advanced in something like a corresponding ratio, the stipends accorded to our public servants remain substantially as they were half a century or more ago. Such persons are paid more generously under some state and municipal governments than they are under the national government. The judges of the Supreme Court in New York City are paid \$17,500, which is only a moderate salary. The associate justices of the United States Supreme Court, the first tribunal in the country, are paid only \$10,000 a year, while the circuit judges are paid \$6,000 and the district judges \$5,000, the latter only half the salary paid to police-court judges in New York, who are not receiving too much where they are fit men.

Federal judges, ambassadors, and consuls are no worse off now, perhaps, than other classes of men paid from the Federal treasury, and while salaries are being increased for any of them, strict requirements of justice would seem to demand that the pay of all be advanced, from the President down. The sum of \$100,000 a year is little enough for the chief magistrate of this nation. The President of Mexico is now paid the same salary as ours. The English Lord Chancellor receives \$50,000, and the Chief Justice of the United States ought not to receive less. And it would be reasonable enough, if the pay of Senators and Representatives were doubled. Such an advance would operate against the alleged tendency to turn the upper house at Washington into a "rich man's club," since it would then be possible for men of moderate means to accept a seat in that body without a great personal sacrifice, such as the situation now demands.

It may be proper enough, perhaps, for soldiers in time of war to take part of their pay in "glory," as Artemus Ward did, but to expect men generally to sacrifice their private interests and give up positions and opportunities yielding or promising adequate incomes to accept government office at a comparative pittance is absurd, unjust, illogical, and unworthy of a great, wealthy, and powerful nation such as ours. None of the so-called great Powers of the world maintains as low a scale of wages for its servants as we do, while none is able to pay as much. France, with its staggering burden of national debt and its comparatively slender resources, pays its President twice as much as we do ours, and nearly

all its other public officials correspondingly well. And as for the sums appropriated for running government machinery in monarchical countries like England, Germany, and Russia, it is much farther in excess per capita than in France.

It may be neither wise nor necessary for us to dole out as much to our rulers and administrators as are paid to maintain the pomp and splendor of foreign courts, but considerations of economy, good sense, and common justice demand that we reward those who serve us in public places as on a scale commensurate alike with their abilities, our resources, and the requirements of our social and official life. That it is a poor, short-sighted, and often disastrous policy to keep down the scale of official pay far below that obtaining in other ranks of life has been illustrated in the recent history of municipal government in New York, where it has been found increasingly difficult to secure and retain the fittest men in the public service because of the financial sacrifice involved. Mayor Low seems to have had better success here than Mayor Strong, but even the former has found the task of inducing the best men to accept his appointments a confessedly arduous one.

The leading shibboleth of the municipal reformers of to-day is the conduct of municipal business on business principles, and this excellent rule ought in all reason to be applied to the compensation allowed municipal servants. In the public business it is poor economy, as everywhere else, to fill positions of great trust and heavy responsibilities with cheap and inefficient men when adequate pay would secure the services of trained and experienced administrators. How true this may be in the case of a municipal government is illustrated just now in the painful experience of a city not a hundred miles from New York, where the miserable practice has been followed, common to many small American cities, of paying the mayor no salary at all, but giving him all his compensation in "glory."

Under this beautiful theory the city in question has been compelled for some years past to put up with a mayor who is a professional politician of the worst stripe, a low, cunning intriguer, who, even without a salary, has enriched himself and so borrowed and squandered the public funds that a new and better administration recently coming in finds itself handicapped at the outset with an empty treasury and the necessity of imposing a tax to meet current expenses, a tax so heavy that it borders close upon confiscation. Excellent citizens of this misgoverned town are now heard sagely observing that it would have been "money in their pockets" to have paid a mayor \$10,000 a year and thereby secured the services of a competent and honorable business man to manage and direct their municipal affairs.

The same principle is applicable in every sphere of government, national, state, and local. It is absurd and puerile to expect that sentiments of patriotism and considerations of public duty will come in here in sufficient measure to make up for wretched and inadequate pay. Families and homes cannot be maintained on a sentimental diet, and a man who labors in the public service is fully as "worthy of his hire" as any other laborer, and should receive it.



SPINNING TOPS AT COLUMBIA—A CUSTOM AFTER THESIS DAY (APRIL 2D) IN THE COLLEGE.—Earle.

## Purity's 7 Points

These are the seven points that make a beer healthful.

A beer that has them is both good and good for you.



1

We use the best barley that money can buy.

We get our hops from Bohemia. A partner in our business selects all materials.

2

Our yeast is forever the same and it gives to Schlitz the flavor no other beer can have.

3

Cleanliness in our brewery is carried to utmost extremes.

4

We cool Schlitz beer in a plate glass room, in filtered air, to keep germs away from it.

5

We age it for months, until it is well fermented. It is the "green beer" that causes biliousness.

6

Every drop of Schlitz is thoroughly filtered.

7

After it is bottled and sealed, every bottle is sterilized.

It is a tonic and a food. It is the beverage of health.

Omit the beer without them.

And remember that Schlitz beer costs just the same as common beer.

You'll get it if you ask for it.

But if you don't care, your dealer may give you a beer that costs less than half so much to brew.

Ask for the brewery bottling.

## To All Who Suffer from SPINAL DEFORMITIES

35 per cent. cheaper than the old methods. 100 per cent. better. Weighs ounces where others weigh pounds. For Men, Women and Children; none too young, none too old to be relieved. We offer the only Scientific Appliance ever invented for the relief and cure of this unsightly condition: cured the inventor, Mr. P. B. Sheldon, of curvature of the spine of THIRTY YEARS' standing.

Throw Away the Cumbersome and Costly Plaster-of-Paris and Sole-Leather Jackets.



Our appliance is light in weight, durable, and conforms to the body as not to evidence that a support is worn. It is constructed on strictly scientific anatomical principles, and is truly a godsend to all sufferers from spinal troubles, male or female. We also make Scientific Appliances for protruding abdomen, weak back, stooping shoulders. Send for free booklet and letters from physicians, physical instructors, and those who know from experience of our wonderful appliances. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Write to-day for measurement blank. Don't wait.

STEAMBURG, N. Y., February 9, 1901.

After having worn the plaster-of-Paris jacket, I can truthfully say your appliance is far more comfortable to wear. It corrects curvature quite as well, and fits the body so perfectly that no one would suspect I was wearing one. You have my lifelong gratitude and well wishes. Yours truly, IDA BLOOD.

The plaster-of-Paris jacket above mentioned weighed 8 1/2 lbs.

The Philo Burt Appliance put on in its place weighed 17 ounces—a difference of over 7 lbs.

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EDWARD M. GROUT, COMPTROLLER.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE. APRIL 22, 1902.



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Panama Suitings.

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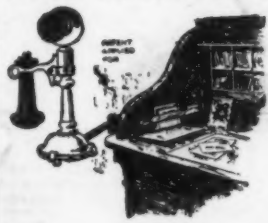
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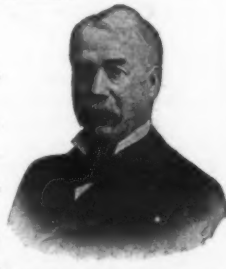
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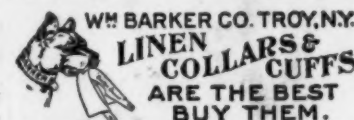
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